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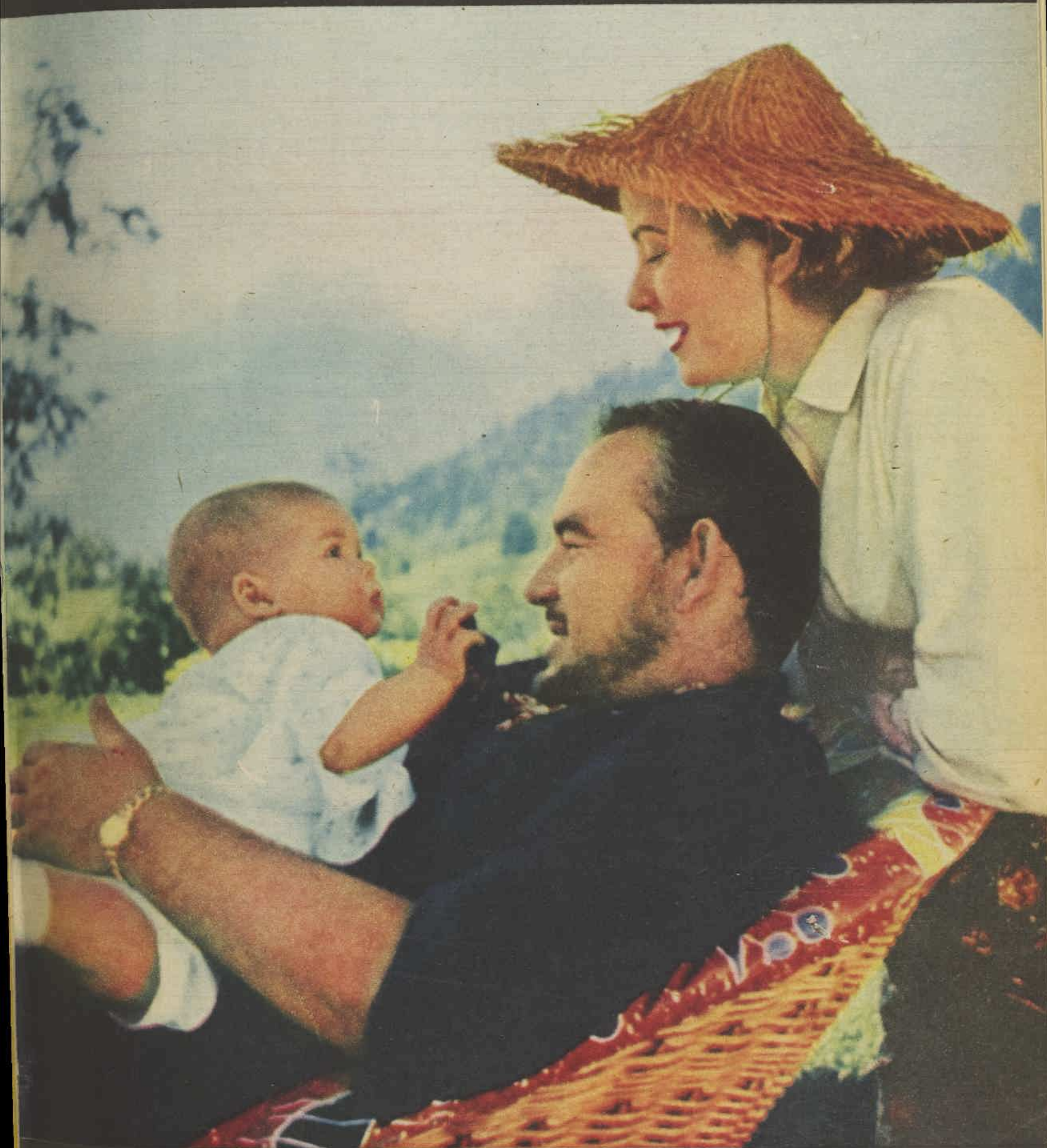
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

January 15, 1958

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JANUARY 15, 1958

Vol. 25, No. 32

CHALLENGE OF ADVENTURE

IN a world of machines and incredible scientific advances, man is supposed to be taking a back place as a mere passive manipulator of switches and dials. Yet for the past ten days world eyes have not tried to follow the still-circling Sputniks or the flight of some streaking inhuman missile.

The eyes of the world have been on the white expanses of Antarctica, where a few minute specks that are men have been crawling in sub-zero temperatures at a few miles a day towards the Pole.

Sir Edmund Hillary and his four other New Zealanders, and the English polar party under Dr. Vivian Fuchs, have been reaffirming once again what men like Drake and Cook and Livingstone proved so long ago.

They are showing that frail man is indestructible, unconquerable, and that in any age when adventure calls there are men ready to answer.

Hillary won little more than world fame for his conquest of Everest with Sherpa Tensing, yet again he has shown, in his slow probe for the Pole, that man's urge to master his environment is as strong as ever.

Man is not effete, decadent, soft. He is brave and resolute. And, although he may falter at times and even stumble, his eyes are seeking where they have always sought . . .

Beyond the farthest mountain . . . beyond the stars.

Our cover

● The charming family group on our cover this week are Prince Rainier and Princess Grace and their much-loved daughter, Caroline. The photograph was taken by Howell Conant during their recent vacation in the Swiss Alps, which Prince Rainier celebrated by growing a beard.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Every wife needs a home to call her own, to fix up as she wants it, says Prince Rainier of Monaco.

THE new home he and his wife, Princess Grace, are building near Monaco was a subject often discussed during the recent holiday the couple spent with their daughter, Princess Caroline, in a chalet at Schonried, in Switzerland.

During the holiday the Prince's wish for privacy almost came true.

The couple, who are expecting their second child in March, dressed in casual clothes to admire the scenery and browse, unnoticed except for the assistants, in the Swiss shops.

On pages 7, 8, and 9 this week are photographs of the Rainiers on holiday, taken by Howell Conant, the Prince's photographer.

Mr. Conant took pictures of the Royal couple shortly after the birth of Princess Caroline.

ONCE upon a time the kitchen was regarded as "just a place to cook in" and little thought was given to its appearance.

Today Australians are becoming increasingly kitchen-

conscious, and it's usually the first room to receive attention when a young couple build or buy a house.

This week we present a special kitchen supplement showing a variety of kitchens from budget to luxury-priced ones.

There's also advice on kitchen utensils and handy hints on how to tile your own kitchen or bathroom.

Tied in with our kitchen supplement this week is a special gardening feature on how to grow herbs.

★ ★ ★
ONE of the most colorful religious ceremonies seen in Melbourne for some years was the recent enthronement of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Frank Woods as fifth Archbishop of Melbourne.

Two thousand people packed St. Paul's Cathedral for the slow, dignified ceremony. A moment of it is pictured on the opposite page.

Less than a week after his enthronement, which took place a few days after his arrival from England, Dr. Woods, a true family man, was host to a gardenful of children at Bishops Court.

It was a birthday party for

his daughter, Richenda, aged 14.

Mrs. Woods told us she had sent the invitations for the party from England before they sailed.

One of Dr. Woods' first tasks at his new home has been the erection of a swing under the big old fig-tree in the lovely garden at Bishops Court. "It will be the first swing our girls have had," Mrs. Woods said.

Six-year-old Clemence has already decided on her favorite spot in the spacious garden. She has built herself a "house" at the foot of a very old ivy-covered gum tree.

"We actually walked into a home we could live in right away," Mrs. Woods said.

The pantry cupboards had been filled with home-made jams, marmalades, cakes, and biscuits made by the Fellowship of Clergy Wives, and the rooms were filled with flowers by the Girls' Friendly Society.

There are photographs of the family's new home in the mail now for sons Theodore, who will take his medical degree at Cambridge in May, and David, who is still at school in England.

Both will join their parents and sisters next summer.

All my friends told me husbands are the worst driving instructors in the world. But I couldn't be bothered with the routine of appointments at a driving school so I had to plead with my husband. He was far from enthusiastic to begin with. But I reminded him that he always raves about how easy a Volkswagen is to drive. "Child's play," he reassured me . . . and I had him cornered. I had my first lesson that very same day.

Patience and virtues

As he drove the car round the block, he started, with true masculine thoroughness, to detail the Volkswagen Virtues. Patiently I listened to comments on the synchromesh type gearbox; the independent four-wheel torsion bar suspension; the double-acting, long-stroke, hydraulic, telescopic shock absorbers — all the features he's greatly interested in, because he's an aeronautical engineer. But how patient can one be? Oh, I know that all these things are vitally important, but I wanted to drive. Insisted we change seats.

Friends at first touch

The Volks and I became friends from the first flick of the key. The engine started sweetly and gripped the neat little steering wheel ever so casually. Determined not to show my nervousness, I slipped the nifty gear stick into first and we were on our way. Did I say I was nervous . . . well not for long. My husband was still rattling off the how, when and why, but I felt that I just couldn't make a mistake.

No fears with the gears

No grinding of gears (or gnashing of hubby's teeth) — I took just one slight wrist movement and the gear stick moved as of its own accord.

No wild wide cornering upset my husband's composure because the sensitive steering wheel responded to the lightest touch. No near collisions with the unpredictable car in front because the slightest pressure of the convenient brake pedal brought the Volks to a gentle smooth stop.

It was amazing! Here I was cruising along in my pet Volks like a veteran driver. Bursting with pride I turned to my husband. Did I get the compliments? Oh no. He just said: "No other car — no other woman could possibly be driven by a woman in one lesson."

Moral for this Week

Never underestimate the power of a woman — in a Volkswagen.

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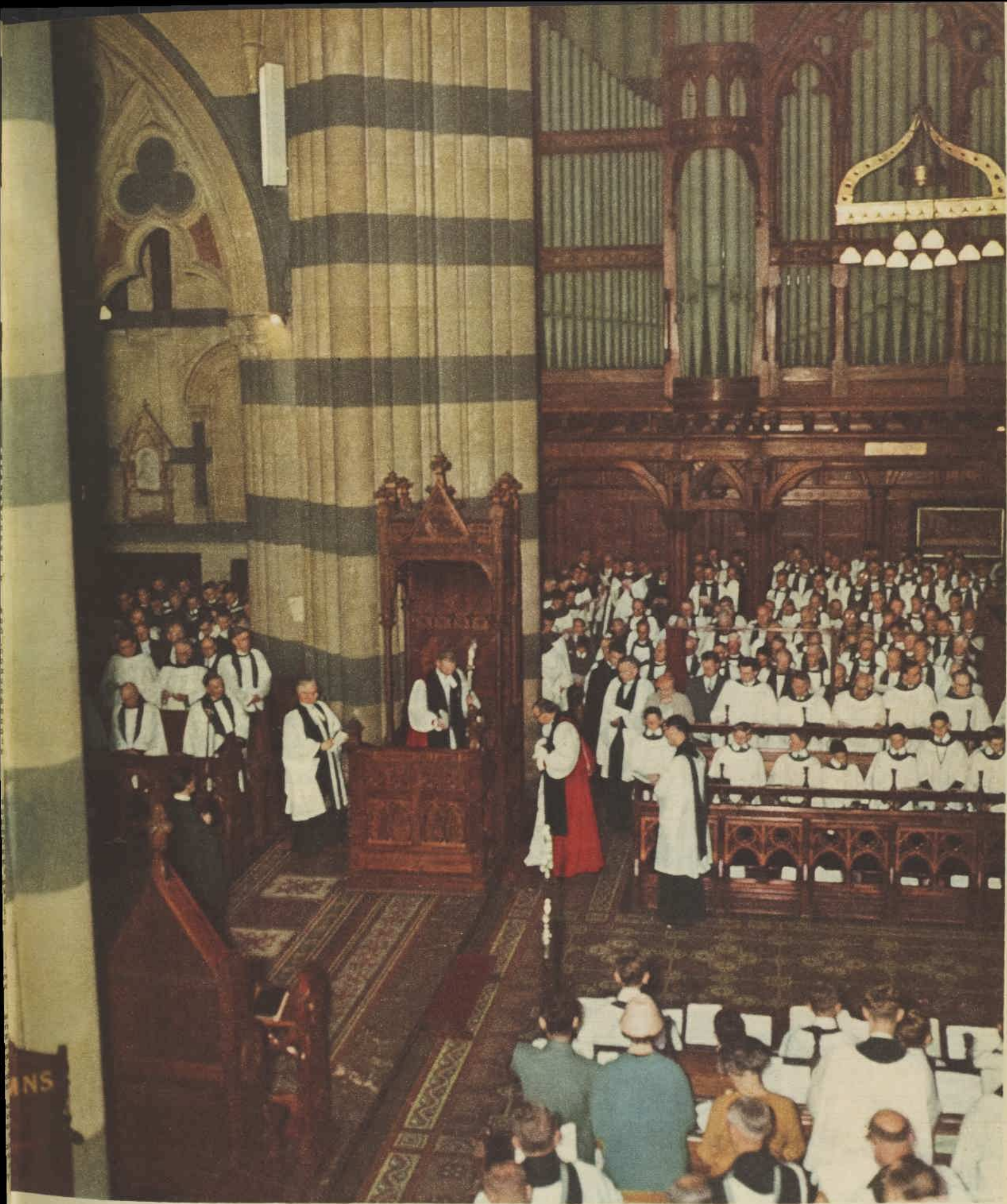
YOUR
FAMILY

CAR COLUMN

This week's guest
writer is
Irene Thomas,
Housewife, of
Ivanhoe, Vic.

Why I let my
husband teach
me to drive





ARCHBISHOP'S ENTHRONEMENT

THE RT. REV. DR. FRANK WOODS stands in the magnificent blackwood throne of St. Paul's Cathedral during his enthronement as the fifth Archbishop of Melbourne. This picture shows the Archbishop after having received the Pastoral Staff from the Administrator, the Rt. Rev. John McKie, Bishop of Geelong. Behind Bishop McKie is Canon Wilson, and on the left of the throne is the Precentor, the Rev. Godfrey Kircher, who acted as the Archbishop's chaplain. The cathedral choir is on the right, and at left are members of the Cathedral Chapter; behind them, in the canon's stalls, representatives of other churches. Picture by staff photographer Gary Linney.

The gathering of the Scotts



"LET'S DANCE, MOTHER," said Mr. Les Scott to his wife, Myrtle, and 15 of their 17 children clapped and cheered. From left, Alma (Mrs. Les Hewett), Doris (Mrs. Juel Smith), Wallace, Walter, Robert, Ruth (Mrs. Eric Mooney), Merle (Mrs. Leo Quade), Margaret (Mrs. Jim O'Reilly), Hazel (Mrs. Stan Wilson), Peter, Myrtle (Mrs. Bill Hall), Melba (Mrs. Kevin Soley), Joyce Scott, Ruby (Mrs. Arnie Small), and Don.



OLDEST AND NEWEST Mr. and Mrs. Scott (above). Mr. Scott, sen., with his son, Walter, and Mrs. Scott, sen., with her new daughter-in-law after the wedding at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Wagga.

FIVE of the seven Mrs. Scotts (below), from left, Mrs. Peter Scott, Mrs. Robert Scott, newlywed Mrs. Walter Scott, Mrs. Don Scott, and Mrs. Les Scott, mother-in-law to them all.



They celebrated family reunion, parents' anniversary, new wedding

● When 23-year-old Coral Walsh, of Wagga Wagga, N.S.W., made her marriage vows recently, she bound herself to an army of relations that includes 10 sisters-in-law and their husbands, seven brothers-in-law and their wives, and 27 nieces and nephews.

By ANNE BRADLEY, staff reporter

CORAL became Mrs. Walter Scott in the Wagga Presbyterian Church on the day that her husband's family held a re-

union to bring the family together.

It was also the day before her parents-in-law's 44th wedding anniversary.

The Scott children, aged between 19 and 42, had never been together at once.

The gathering brought together brothers and sisters who were almost strangers to one another.

They came from Victoria and nine N.S.W. country towns.

The eldest son, Mr. Robert Scott, of West Wyalong, put his arms round his sister Melba (Mrs. Kevin Soley, of Goulburn), whom he hadn't seen for seven years.

He also met Melba's husband and son, Stephen, 21 months, for the first time.

Robert explained that only in the past two years had he caught up with all the family.

"We've scattered and gone out into the world," he said, "but our parents have held us

together as a family. We've assembled now to pay homage to them for all they've done.

"A family needs the firm guidance of a strong father. This we've had.

"And it needs a mother who is the centre, the heart, of the family, who gives you strength to carry on. This we've had, too."

The family reunion had been a much-discussed project in the family for several years.

But it was due to the organising ability of Mrs. Les Hewett (she was Alma Scott), of Yass, that so many turned up for Walter's wedding and the anniversary.

"We had to find a weekend that would suit everyone," Mrs. Hewett said.

"Letters have been going back and forth for months, and we thought how wonderful it was that they could all manage Mother and Dad's anniversary weekend."

Unfortunately the reunion could not be complete. At the

last moment Mr. Leslie Scott, of Lithgow, and Mr. Bruce Scott, of Geelong, were unable to get plane seats.

"But it's wonderful to have so many of our family with us again," said Mr. Leslie Scott, sen., a retired farmer and carrier.

"This is the first time in their lives that so many have been together under our roof."

Although Kevin Soley has been married for three years this was the first time he had met Don and Peter Scott, and their wives, Grace and Pat, and Myrtle and Bill Hall.

Mrs. Jim O'Reilly (formerly Margaret Scott), of Beckom, is the mother of four girls.

She had met all her brothers and sisters-in-law, but wanted to be introduced to several new nieces and nephews.

Twelve years' parting seemed a long time to two Scott sisters, Doris and Myrtle (Mrs. Juel Smith and Mrs. Bill Hall), who were almost shy with each other on meeting again.



AT THE SCOUT HALL at Wagga Wagga, N.S.W., family and friends assembled in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Les Scott's 44th wedding anniversary. Here, 19 of the Scotts' 27 grandchildren listen to Mr. Scott's childhood stories. These pictures were taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.

Ruddy-faced Mr. Scott, sen., who comes from a family of nine, is not the least bit bowed under the weight of his 66 years and all his family responsibilities.

He laughed when he told me he mixed up names occasionally and sometimes forgot who was who.

"And when they were all small I couldn't keep track of them. I'd sometimes get the feeling that I'd lost one," he said.

"One thing, though, the depression didn't worry Mother and me at all. After all, with 17 to raise they were all depression years!"

Mrs. Scott, sen., aged 64, who seems to be always there if a child or a grandchild needs help or encouragement, lets her husband do most of the talking.

But here she put in a word in her own defence.

"I don't mix up names," she said. "I know all their ages and birthdays and all the grandchildren's, too."

"I used to write them down when ours were all small, but I've remembered for years now without help."

"I know all the children, but I get the little ones mixed up," put in Uncle Alex Scott, brother to Mr. Scott, sen.

Uncle Alex acted as chairman at the reunion, an honor which he was shy about, and confessed it had been thrust upon him only the day before.

"But I'm proud to be related to the mother and father of this huge and beautiful family," he said.

The reunion, attended by about 60, was held in the Wagga Scouts' Hall. It was a happy affair of eating, drinking, dancing, and, most of all, talking.

There were some old friends present, plus family—15 Scott children, four daughters-in-law, nine sons-in-laws, and 19 grandchildren.

In between courses and drinks, son-in-law Mr. Arnie Small played the piano and his voice led the singing.

A great babble of sound

filled the hall and groups formed and re-formed, all talking about their families, old friends, and old times.

They remembered old school friends, family picnics, roaming the hills together, and the fun they had fighting for rides on their old horse Bonny.

"We can't talk to anyone for long," said Mrs. Hewett. "We want to say something to everyone, so we'll be able to remember when we're all split up again."

"It seems to me my wife's doing all the talking," interrupted Mr. Hewett. "I'd like to say a few words on behalf of all the sons-in-law."

"We've got a great family and great parents-in-law, and we hope we've got them for many years yet."



TWO CAKES, made and decorated by sisters Joyce Scott (left) and Mrs. Les Hewett. The cakes were for Walter and Coral's wedding and for their parents' anniversary.



FORTY-FOUR YEARS MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Les Scott cut their anniversary cake at the party given for them by their 17 children and 27 grandchildren.



THE NEW MRS. SCOTT with her new niece, Pamela Smith, sixth child of Mr. and Mrs. Juel Smith, of Goulburn.



NEWLYWEDS Coral and Walter Scott make their farewells from their parents' anniversary party, held the night of the wedding.

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Here's better and longer-lasting defence against tooth decay... the kind no other toothpaste can match. So change now to Super White Kolynos — today's best-tasting and best decay-fighting toothpaste. It's a new, delightful experience you really *must* try.

Page 6



New Super White Kolynos refreshes your *whole mouth*... leaves a clean after-taste that lasts and lasts—much longer than any other toothpaste.

New Super White Kolynos *foams* its way into crevices where ordinary toothpaste can't go! Kills acid-causing enzymes, removes dangerous and dulling film!

You're nice-to-be-near and *safe* right round the clock when you use New Super White Kolynos! It's specially made for busy people who can't always brush teeth after meals!

Buy Super-White KOLYNOS Toothpaste!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 15, 1958



"MADE FOR EACH OTHER," friends say of Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco, who dine romantically by candlelight. Prince Rainier "fell in love at first sight" with beautiful Grace; went to America to court her. They never call each other by their first names, just "Darling," and Princess Grace thought the beard Prince Rainier grew last year for his holiday was "rather fun."



TENDER MOMENT, framed by a window of the chalet at Schonried, in Switzerland, where the Rainiers spent an informal holiday, enjoying a privacy almost unknown in Monaco. Before his marriage, the Prince was reserved and quiet. Now he has assurance, warmth, because of his two Princesses.

THE HAPPY RAINIERS

● When Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier of Monaco were married on April 19, 1956, people wondered what kind of life theirs would be. Almost two years later, they are a happy couple—as the pictures on this and the next two pages show. They delight in their daughter Caroline, one year old on January 23, and both hope their second child in March is another girl.



PRINCESS GRACE makes a face to coax a smile from Princess Caroline, who a few minutes earlier (inset) had offered a flower to her father, whom she calls "DaDa," the first word she could speak. Pictures on this page and overleaf are by Howell Conant, Prince Rainier's official photographer.

*Continuing: "The
Happy Rainiers"*

Holiday for Three

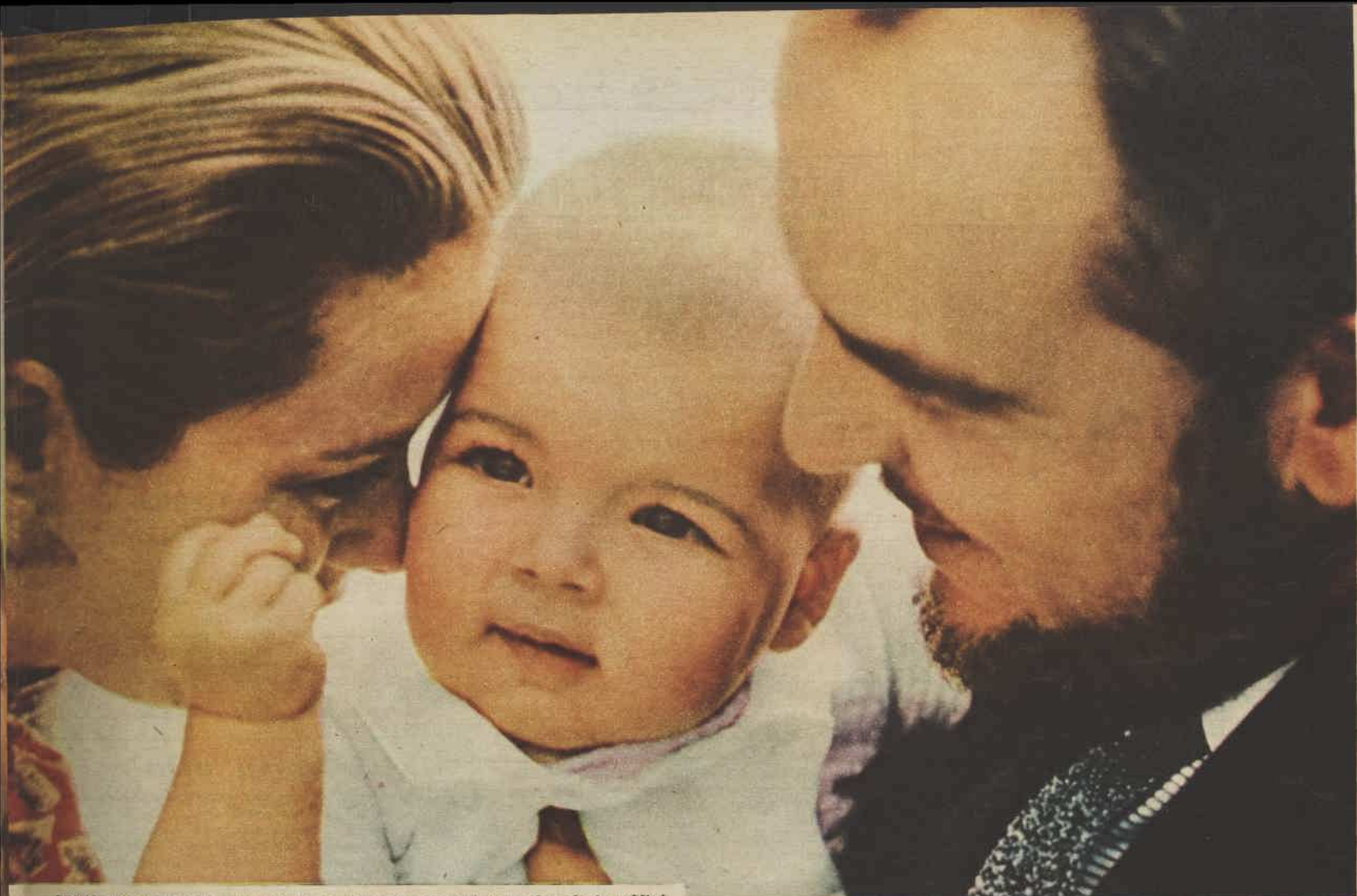


ABOVE: "Up-in-the-air" for Princess Caroline, who receives her full share of love and attention from her parents. Prince Rainier, who was raised almost entirely by his grandfather, had little family life.

BELOW: The woman who has changed Prince Rainier closes her eyes as she faces the sun, her features Madonna-like against the cloud-swept blue sky and rich green fields of the Swiss countryside.



ON HOLIDAY in Switzerland, Prince Rainier gives his heiress-apparent, Princess Caroline, a piggy-back, and seems to enjoy it as much as his blue-eyed daughter. Prince Rainier's family has ruled the small principality of Monaco since the 13th century.



PRINCESS CAROLINE smiles and her hand pats her mother's face when she is cuddled by Princess Grace and Prince Rainier. The little Princess is the image of her father, has inherited his eyes, but sometimes she can look just like beautiful Princess Grace.



ABOVE: Enjoying the Swiss scenery. The Prince, joking about the pot of flowers, called it a "sort of sword of Damocles." These two are named Oliver and Canella.



RIGHT: Even at home in the Palace one or more of their dogs is always with them.

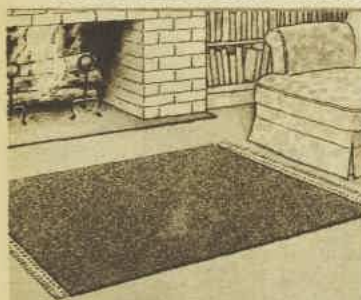


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Reversibles: They're double sided for double wear and double value. Distinctive round and oval shapes give a smart, modern touch to any room setting. Deep, thick, luxurious pile. Priced from only £3/5/9.

SEE THE SUPERTEX RANGE TODAY

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

THERE is always controversy about the school-leaving age, whether it should be 14 or 16. By the time a child reaches the age of 14, both the teacher and the child himself know whether he is suited to the intellectual professions. I think at 14 a child who shows that he would not benefit by further intellectual training should be able to choose a manual occupation and then be apprenticed to a reliable firm. During the following two years he should be under the supervision of the education authorities, perhaps attending a theoretical class on his subject once a week. Children remaining at school would be taught by teachers who would be encouraged, knowing that there was only good material in their classes.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Boggis, 85 Mary Street, Como, W.A.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WITH an accumulation of greeting cards, which I thought too pretty to destroy, I removed the personal section, copied a favorite recipe, and distributed them to friends. They were delighted with the idea and a recipe chain has begun, as they reciprocated. As we all like to get new recipes, I think it would be a good idea for organisers of fetes to have a lucky recipe dip.

10/6 to Mrs. Grace Sayers, 50 Faldi Street, Bundaberg, Qld.

Subnormal children

"NOT ALONE" (11/12/57) has my sympathy re her sub-normal child. It may console her somewhat to learn that a nearby Home is not always the answer to these problems. I have tried for several years to gain admittance for my little child to a local school for subnormal children (15 minutes away by car). Each time I am told there is no vacancy on their buses and am politely asked why I don't try to have him admitted to an institution about 35 miles away. The buses mentioned travel to far suburbs each day, transporting children, yet here is a kiddie in the district who is refused a chance.

10/6 to "Puzzled" (name supplied), Gladesville, N.S.W.

Family affairs

OUR problem concerned pocket-money. Each of our six children has certain tasks to do for which he or she is allotted weekly pocket-money. This was frequently spent unthinkingly and wasted, then on an occasion such as Show time or Christmas hardly any of them had sufficient funds on hand to cover their wants. So we decided to draw up an Army-style pay book for each child, and instead of actually giving them the money we credit them in the book. We find, with this method, there is less temptation to spend on rubbish and there is almost always a tidy sum on hand to cover the special occasions.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. L. Wassell, 8 Lord Street, Gladstone, Qld.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

ARE the joys of parenthood somewhat over-rated? My husband and I have five children, aged from 19 to three. For 20 years luxuries have been non-existent and holidays have consisted solely of occasional family visits. My girl-friend married at the same time as we did, but has had no family. She and her husband seem extremely happy and at holiday times go motoring or cruising. They can spend companionable evenings of reading instead of the unending nights of ironing and mending. I can't see how they have missed out by not having any children.

10/6 to "Hardy Perennial" (name supplied), Mittagong, N.S.W.

MY two toddlers wandered on to the road at lunch hour and I was walking up the path to investigate their disappearance when the air was filled with the piercing shrieks of a woman. Hurrying forward, I met her with my youngest in her arms. She deposited him in my gateway, then caught the other truant and returned him. I should have felt grateful to her, but as she gave me a loud, public dressing-down my anger became apparent. I would have liked to thank the woman, but all she got was a glare. I see now that it is not the gift or the deed but the manner in which it is bestowed that wins gratitude.

10/6 to Mrs. J. Tempo, 50 Turumaha Street, Greymouth, New Zealand.

SINCE the birth of my first baby I have been amazed at the number of mothers who attend a baby health centre yet disregard the excellent help and advice offered them. The mothers claim that the centre is all right for the average baby, but does not suit their own. Thanks to our clinic sisters, my two average children are healthy and contented and I feel safe in the knowledge that I am doing the best for them.

10/6 to Mrs. R. M. Brown, R.A.A.F. Station, Dubbo, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

I HAVE been fascinated by the drinking habits of the Bindaboos.

There was an article on these out-of-the-way aborigines in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Because they have no drinking utensils, they drink at a waterhole with their mouths down in the water.

I suppose they mean it when they say: "Here's mud in your eye!"

But the most interesting thing about them is that men and women always drink separately.

What a typically Australian arrangement!

It reminds you of our custom of excluding women from hotel bars.

A male Bindaboo would feel quite at home in a bar in Melbourne or Sydney, except for having to use a glass.

The sexes tend to separate here at private parties, too.

When drinks have been served, the men often get together in a corner or in the kitchen.

No doubt they are obeying the same deep instinct as the Bindaboos.

This national habit of ours has come in for a lot of criticism.

ALL IN TOGETHER

People are always saying it is more "civilised" for men and women to drink together, as they do in England and France.

Moreover, the criticism has had some effect.

Most hotels now have a lounge or garden where men and women may drink together, for higher prices than in the bar.



But there has been no progress like this among the Bindaboos.

I've been wondering if we shouldn't do something about it.

Being very conservative, the Bindaboos would probably resist the idea of the sexes drinking together at the same waterhole.

It could be put to them tactfully on these lines:

"You feller drink one time, Mary drink one time, you not civilised."

"French feller, French Mary drink all same time along cafe, him plenty civilised. Sydney feller, Sydney Mary drink all same time along lounge, him plenty civilised. Why you feller no makum lounge, get civilised, too?"

A Bindaboo lounge would be fairly rough-and-ready for a start.

It would merely be a place where men and women could put their faces in the water side by side and enjoy one another's conversation.

The next stage would be to provide them with glasses and tables. They could sit and drink water there for higher prices.

Soon they would be waving to catch the attention of short-sighted waiters, and wondering how much to tip.

But I've just had a sad thought. If they were like that they would not be interesting any more! And they mightn't be happy!

Perhaps we had better not disturb the innocence of the Bindaboos.



THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

The 1957-58 wheat harvest, almost completed this month on Australia's many wheat farms, is the poorest for 13 years. In most areas farmers have been hard-hit by drought, and Western Australia is the only State where production approaches normal figures. Australia normally is in the world's first four wheat-exporting countries.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 15, 1958



This year's harvest, however, will do little more than meet home requirements. The industry began with 300 bushels grown by convicts in 1790 at Rose Hill, 15 miles from Sydney. The record harvest of 1947-48 was 220,000,000 bushels. This picture of harvest time on the Darling Downs, Qld., was taken by Brian Ahern, of Clifton, Qld.

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Christmas in March for the Hillarys

By JOYCE HALSTEAD, staff reporter

• While Sir Edmund Hillary battled the bitter cold of the Antarctic on his journey to the South Pole, Lady Hillary, at home in Auckland, New Zealand, with their two children, was busy making jam.

LIKE housewives all over Auckland, she was in her kitchen cooking "just ready" fruit off her own plum trees.

When I telephoned her she interrupted the trans-Tasman call to rush to prevent the jam boiling over.

An international telephone call is not unusual for Lady Hillary.

Until about six weeks ago, while her husband, the conqueror of Everest, was still at the New Zealand Antarctic Expedition's base depot at McMurdo Sound, Ross Sea, she regularly talked to him by radio-telephone.

The everyday "small-talk" of home kept Sir Edmund close to his family. It linked Lady Hillary and her children, warm in an Auckland summer, with Sir Edmund, based amid ice and snow.

Often the reception was as

clear as a suburban link-up. Sometimes questions and answers had to be shouted above the wind.

"I was always making lists of things to ask him," Lady Hillary said.

Less articulate in speaking to Sir Edmund has been Peter Hillary, three years old on Boxing Day.

"Peter has never got further than a 'Hullo,'" said Lady Hillary.

As yet, 18-months-old Sarah has provided only background noises—often piercing ones—to any telephone conversation.

On his journey to the Pole, as leader of the New Zealand Group of the British Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition, progressing concurrently with the British Group, led by Dr. Vivian Fuchs, Sir Edmund radioed the dramatic message:

"We are heading hell-bent for the Pole, God willing and

crevasses permitting."

"Did he say that?" asked Lady Hillary when I repeated it over the phone. "It doesn't sound like him."

During their four years of marriage the Hillarys have had little home life. Immediately after their wedding in September, 1953, they left for a lecture tour of the United Kingdom.

Further tours

Since then, while Lady Hillary stayed in New Zealand, Sir Edmund has been on further lecture tours, climbing again in the Himalayas, and preparing for and taking part in the Antarctic Expedition.

Christmas was not given

much attention at the Hillarys' home.

"We are saving our Christmas celebrations for when my husband returns in March," said Lady Hillary.

Then the children will receive their gifts at a family gathering at the pleasant modern home Sir Edmund and Lady Hillary built on property adjoining that of Lady Hillary's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Rose.



LIKE HIS FAMOUS FATHER, Sir Edmund Hillary, three-year-old Peter Hillary, held by his mother, appreciates a small set of skis bought for him in Norway, a farewell gift before Sir Edmund left on his expedition.

Here the children play without too much thought of their father's activities.

"Sarah is too young, of course," said Lady Hillary, "and Peter is not particularly interested in anyone but himself at the moment."

During Sir Edmund's Polar journey Lady Hillary has kept in touch with him by cables.

Her husband's most recent letter had been written only a few days before she received it.

While Sir Edmund is away Lady Hillary continues her musical career.

Music-lovers who attend concerts given by the Auckland String Orchestra recognise the former Louise Rose as she takes her place among the violas.

Sir Edmund does not play a musical instrument, but, Lady Hillary told me: "He is a very good critic, knows what he likes and says what he thinks."

But if Sir Edmund is not wholly interested in his wife's musical hobby, Lady Hillary shares his life-consuming interest—mountaineering.

"Home life"

Before her marriage she and fellow Auckland University College student Rosalie Goodyear, who was later her bridesmaid, climbed an unexplored valley at the southern end of New Zealand's rugged Southern Alps.

"But I've done no mountain-climbing since I was married," said Lady Hillary.

My telephone time was nearly up and I had one more question for Lady Hillary:

"Do you and Sir Edmund plan to make another trip like the one you made to the United Kingdom after you were married?"

I had talked to her soon after she became engaged. She had just returned to Auckland from Sydney, having completed a course at the Conservatorium of Music.

Ahead of her was marriage to a famous man, and a triumphant tour abroad, and she was happy and excited.

Lady Hillary, now four



DRESSED for the cold, Sir Edmund and his party used tractors on their journey.

years married and mother of two, answered me firmly: "All we want is home life."

Another Antarctic "widow" looking forward to her husband's return is Mrs. Joyce Fuchs, wife of the leader of the British Group of the Commonwealth Expedition, Dr. Vivian Fuchs.

As he and his party travelled the 2000 miles from the Weddell Sea across the South Pole to McMurdo Sound, in the Ross Sea, Dr. Fuchs must often have thought of his two-story home on the outskirts of Cambridge, England, and the garden he loves.

There, at Christmas, Mrs. Fuchs organised a family party with her 21-year-old daughter, Hilary, and her husband, and her son, 17-year-old Peter.

Dr. Fuchs, a Cambridge don, geologist, and explorer, has another interest—the Cambridge pubs. He is an authority on them, and once helped an artist prepare a pictorial map of Cambridge, including its pubs and colleges.

Of the dangers her husband faces, Mrs. Fuchs said: "It's all part of the job."

TELEVISION PARADE

THE new shows turn TCN into the gun-totin'-est channel yet with nine new Western shows.

Added to these there are two famous Art Linkletter shows, "Art and the Kids" and "People Are Funny"; some high adventure with the Bengal Lancers round the Khyber Pass, and with Flash Gordon in space; action plus from "Circus Boy"; and painless education with Captain Z-RO.

Monday, January 13, is the big date when the new programme schedules start.

The first big change on that date is the News, which moves from the 7.00 p.m. spot to 6.45, but the guns start cracking on January 13 at 5.00 p.m. when "Western Round-up" starts.

"Western Round-up," specially for the kids, is a series of two-part serials. They're quick-moving, with never a dull moment, and each serial lasts two days.

They're on every night Monday to Friday, from 5.00 to 5.30 p.m.

"Art and the Kids," a delightful show, takes the 7.00 time slot on Monday nights each week from January 13.

"Western Showcase" starts on Tuesday, January 14, at 7.00 p.m. It lasts for an hour, will be shown every Tuesday, and stars Tim Holt.

Tim is a strictly traditional Western hero. He is the son of famous old Western hero

• Channel 9, TCN, has re-organised programmes and released some excellent new shows that certainly should add up to the viewer's happy New Year.

Jack Holt, and, like his father, shuns romantic entanglements, sees there are no foreclosures on ranch mortgages, disables, but doesn't kill, the baddies with an expert gun, and, everything fixed, rides off into the sunset without leaving a moment for deserved gratitude.

"Flash Gordon" takes to space from 7.00 p.m. to 7.30 p.m. every Thursday from January 16. Flash's ways are

By
NAN
MUSGROVE

well known from his comic-strip appearances in Australia, in which he was rechristened "Speed Gordon."

This was done because in Australian slang "flash" means a lair or show-off, and in American "flash" simply means speed.

If you're still with me, and wondering what "flash" is going to do on TV, I'll tell you. Space is his element, and adventure his meat and drink.

You may remember that Flash is so adventurous that in his comic-strip form he be-

came part of the Australian language.

You must have heard the expression, "In more trouble than Speed Gordon."

"Circus Boy" starts his weekly appearances on Friday, January 17, at 7.00, and is followed by the Bengal Lancers, with Phil Carey and Warren Stevens, at 7.30 p.m.

Saturday's programmes are the ones with the special fare. They're good. In fact, they've been described to me as both magnificent and super-colossal.

Here they are:

Saturday, January 18: 6.30, Captain Z-RO; 7.00, People Are Funny (Art Linkletter's adult show); 7.30 to 8.30, Cheyenne and Sugarfoot; 9.00, Tex Ritter's Western Ranch Party; 10.30, full-length feature movie.

Captain Z-RO is the man who makes education painless. He takes you back in his time machine to show you history in the making. Two early episodes of this fascinating series show Christopher Columbus discovering America, and another, Michelangelo painting the Sistine Chapel.

Quadruplets for Brisbane couple?



ABOVE: Dick Shannon and his wife, Dixie. Dick visits her every night at the Women's Hospital, Brisbane, where she awaits her babies. Right: The Shannons' daughters, Rochelle, 6, and Christine, 3.



"The waiting is the worst," says the proud father

● At Inala, on the outskirts of Brisbane, every night for weeks there has been a restless figure identified by the glow of a cigarette, taking a turn up the street, or just sitting in his backyard, "thinking it over" . . . sometimes at 3 a.m.

HE is builder's laborer Dick Shannon—an expectant father who doesn't know whether his family is shortly to be increased by three, four, or more.

X-rays taken in November broke the news that Dick and his brown-eyed 33-year-old wife, Dixie, were to be the parents of triplets.

They were also alerted that "it could be more."

Although Dixie's doctor, guided by the X-ray, is taking a conservative view, her weight and measurements are greater than usual under the circumstances.

Taking every precaution to safeguard her welfare and the safe delivery of the babies, Dixie, on her doctor's advice, entered the Women's Hospital in November to await her confinement.

Her babies are due next month. But three—or more—don't usually wait to make a ceremonial arrival according to schedule, and Dixie's may turn up at any tick of the clock.

Because of recent medical opinion that the X-raying of pregnant women should be limited, no more pictures are to be taken until zero hour—at the onset of labor.

So now it is just a matter of waiting.

"It's this waiting that's getting me down," said husky Dick Shannon.

"I've lost seven pounds in the past week walking and

wondering and wondering and walking.

"It was the same during the war. I never minded when the show got going, but the waiting period before going into action used to get me down.

"I tell myself that everything is going to be all right.

Names ready

"Then I start wondering again . . . 'Will there be three? . . . will there be more?'"

"I worry myself sick trying to work out how Dixie will stand up to the births, and whether all the babies will survive.

"Then I start going over names for them.

"One thing is sure. If there is a boy he will be called Blake Shannon, to combine the names of both families.

"There is good health and strength on both sides of the family, but it is a lot to expect that three or more babies will be born perfectly normal.

"That is the sort of thing that keeps going over in my mind," he explained.

Dick Shannon's "Rock of Gibraltar" at this time is his mother-in-law, Mrs. David Blake, who has come down from Mt. Garnett, in far



"ROCK OF GIBRALTAR" Mrs. David Blake, of Mt. Garnett (right), with son-in-law Dick Shannon and her only unmarried daughter, Pat Blake, who has been on leave from the Atherton telephone exchange, helping her mother to run the Shannon household at Inala. Mrs. Blake and her husband, who was a well-known jockey at North Queensland country race meetings, have nine children, including twin daughters.

By
MARY COLES,
staff reporter

North Queensland, to look after Dick and the Shannons' two small daughters, Rochelle, aged 6, and Christine, aged 3.

"When Dixie found she was going to have more than one baby this time I got the blame," said Mrs. Blake, laughing.

"I'm the mother of nine, including two who are twins.

"All the girls in the family used to wonder which would be the one to carry on the family tradition with more twins."

Discussing his wife's family, which he has adopted as his own since he married Dixie eight years ago, Dick Shannon says he is "the luckiest man in the world" to belong to them.

"With the Blakes it is one for all and all for one," he said.

"The moment they heard Dixie was pregnant they ar-

ranged between themselves for Mum to come down first and lend a hand. Then Dixie's sister Pat got leave from her job with the Atherton telephone exchange to make things a bit easier for Mum when Dixie went into hospital.

"Other sisters and sisters-in-law are also standing by.

"That goes for money as well as moral support. They are like that," he added proudly.

Victorian-born 41-year-old Dick Shannon is a former A.I.F. commando and paratrooper. He met Dixie after the war when he was timber-cutting in North Queensland.

Country girl

He got to know her when he frequented a cafe in Atherton run by Mrs. Blake.

"Mum never made any money out of the cafe because she was too big-hearted," her son-in-law told me.

"Anyone who was hungry got a meal whether they could pay for it or not."

At first Dick Shannon didn't make much headway with tall, slender Dixie.

"She seemed to like to keep to herself, and not favor any of the boys," he recalled.

"Then I got cunning and tried treating her as a mate instead of asking her to go out.

"I helped her to paint Mum's cafe, and we were good friends after that."

They were married in Brisbane in 1949, and continued to live in the Atherton district until two years ago, when wartime injuries caught up with Dick.

They had to move to Brisbane to enable Dick to get medical attention from time to time at Greenslopes Repatriation Hospital.

The Repatriation Department found them accommodation with a rented house at Inala, a new Housing Commission satellite township about 10 miles from Brisbane.

The location also provided steady employment for Dick

as a builder's laborer, working on homes being built in the area.

To help balance the budget at Inala, Dixie, who is described as a wonderful cook by her mother and husband, turned her hand to making meat-pies for Dick's work-mates.

She was making seven dozen a week until a little while before she went into hospital.

"It's because she just refuses to take things easy when she is home that her doctor insisted on her entering hospital," Mrs. Blake explained.

"She has been coming home on weekend visits from hospital, but even so we have to watch her all the time to stop her getting at the washing or doing out a room if anyone's back is turned."

At the hospital she is a model patient, relaxed, and in excellent health.

Her main concern is not the number of babies she is likely to have but that her pregnancy will run the full time to give the children the greater chance of being born well and strong.

Not that she has any cause for doubt about their lustiness at this stage.

There is hardly anywhere she hasn't felt hefty kicks—including her back and high in her chest.

Mrs. Shannon's good-looking, highly qualified young doctor shakes a cautious head and says that although a fourth child could have been obscured when the November X-ray was taken, he is anticipating delivering three.

From Dixie's youthful daughters Rochelle and Christine come conflicting reports.

Rochelle says, "Mummy is bringing three boys and a girl home from hospital."

Three-year-old Christine holds up one hand for five boys and the other for five girls.

As Dick Shannon says, lighting another cigarette, "It's the waiting that's worrying."

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SISTERS Anna Jane (left) and Christine Morrow watched the races together at the Tattersall's Club meeting at Randwick on New Year's Day. They both kept warm with fleecy-wool topcoats over their light summer dresses.



BETWEEN RACES. Mrs. George Christmas (left), of "Wangabatta," Coonabarabran, talking to Mrs. John Minter and Mrs. Harold Bishop, of "Bando," Cunedah. A cold snap with chill winds marred the day for racegoers.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS



THEATREGOERS. Colonel and Mrs. Hector Clayton at the Elizabethan Theatre, Newtown, for the opening of the return season of the Australian play "The Shifting Heart."



TWO ENGAGEMENTS. At left: Manfred Schulenberg, of Essen, West Germany, with his fiancée, Venie Wilcox, who is the eldest daughter of Mrs. J. S. Wilcox, of Gordon, and the late Mr. Wilcox. RIGHT: Roslyn Cavel, of "Boothenda," Dubbo, who is engaged to Max Walters, of "Terramungamine," Dubbo, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Cecil Walters.



WITH her fiancé, John Parshall, arriving from England on Friday, January 10, and the wedding in less than three weeks, Mary Whitney is living in a whirl.

Mary is the elder daughter of Mr. Tim Whitney, of "Bindah," Gulgong, and the late Mrs. Whitney, and the wedding will take place at St. John's Church, Darlinghurst, on January 28.

Teena Whitney will be bridesmaid with Sandra Bragg and Barbara Kater.

A few weeks after the wedding John and his bride will leave Sydney to make their home in London. John is the son of Mr. H. S. Parshall, of London, and the Hon. Mrs. Ursula Parshall, of Pemm, Buckinghamshire.

HOLIDAY in Colombo for the Charles Katers, of "Grampian Hills," Scone, who are accompanied by their teenage daughter, Judy. They will voyage home in Orsova early in February.

IT'S nice to see Mrs. Alistair Hunter Thorburn (the former Diana Scott Waine) in Sydney again on a visit to her parents, the Cecil Scott Waines, of Warrawee. Diana and husband Alistair flew from their home in Peebles, Scotland, travelling through America, where Di bought the dress she wore to the New Year's Day races . . . a buttoned-through shirtmaker of olive-green silk patterned with black squiggles.

RADIANT bride Margaret Rankin pinned her mother's diamond brooch to her wedding dress when she married Gerhart Stocker recently. Margaret is the only daughter of Mrs. V. Rankin and the late Mr. J. T. Rankin.

AFTER a round-the-world tour, packed into ten months, Pamela Carter, of Turramurra and Moss Vale, arrives home on board Southern Cross on January 18. One of the highlights of her trip was a visit to South America.

PRETTY hats . . . the close-fitting lattice-cap of white daisy petals worn by Mrs. John Street has green velvet centres matched to the curved bow in centre front . . . navy-and-white outfit worn by Mrs. Hector Livingston is topped off by a white straw beret swathed in navy-blue chiffon. Mrs. Dick Harford's pleated cap of sky-blue organdie is scattered with fresh white blossoms.

POPULAR country lass Diana Hanley, of "Carlinga," Crookwell, who is not long back from a trip overseas, was voted the most popular hostess in the district after a gay New Year party . . . among her guests were Sally Shepherd and Jan and Ian McGuinness.

JACKPOT NETT POOL
TOTAL UNITS TO BE RE-INVESTED
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TODAY'S JACKPOT



PRETTY PUNTERS. Helen Duncan (left) and Brigid Tancred picking winners together at the Tattersall's meeting. Helen wore a pale pink suit and white organdie cap and Brigid chose a brozen printed cotton dress and jacket.



LONDON WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. John Kempe (right), who were married at St. Columba's Church, London, with best man Michael Hargreave and the bride's twin sister, Elizabeth Huxtable. Mrs. Kempe was formerly Barbara Huxtable, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Huxtable, of Killara and Broken Hill, where Dr. Huxtable is the Flying Doctor. The newlyweds will live in Northamptonshire, where John is headmaster of a school at Corby.

CONGRATULATIONS are pouring in for dark-eyed Jocelyn Crane, who has announced her engagement to Pat McGrath, twin son of the Maurice McGraths, of Cremorne. Jocelyn is wearing a lovely square-cut sapphire ring with diamond shoulders . . . she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Crane, of Pymble.

A ROUND of pre-wedding parties and trousseau shopping is under way for Kim Brownhill, who will marry David Pattinson at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on January 30. Kim will have four attendants . . . Ann Manchec, of Moree (Ann and Kim travelled together on a trip overseas last year), Mrs. David Loneragan, of Pyramul, via Mudgee, Mrs. "Binks" Mack, of Narramine, and Mrs. Max Reynolds, of Cummoock. After the wedding Kim and David will move into a cottage at "The Bridge," Boremore.

I LIKE the elegant short-length dress that Di Horn wears to formal parties round the town . . . of delustrated white satin, it has a wide scooped neckline, a tiny waist tied with a narrow bow, and a belled skirt with a wide band of Wedgwood-blue applique thickly with white lace.

FOLLOWING the sun are newlyweds Carmen and Bradley Boyden, who are spending their honeymoon motoring north. When they return to Sydney they will settle into a flat in Bexley. Carmen is the daughter of the G. R. Kings, of Bexley.

BUSY redecorating their home at Mosman are David Williams and his bride, the former Barbara Gillies, who were married at the historic Church of St. Jude at Dural. Barbara is the younger daughter of Mrs. L. H. Gillies, of "The Columbine," Anne Castle Hill.

Anne

Hand-me-down husband

SYLVIA MAPLE sang the chorus again. She sang it a third time. The director came out of the control booth. He said, "Thank you, Miss Maple. Just a minute, please. Take a break, everybody!"

The furnace glare of light faded, the pattern onstage broke into chattering groups. The groups drifted casually away from Sylvia. She waited, smiling; one must always smile. Eddie Aiken came from the back of the studio, his wide shoulders hunched, his young face twisted in a boyish scowl, and joined the conference between director and producer. They spoke curtly, and he nodded. He didn't argue. He was too good an agent, too honest, to protest. He moved unhappily towards Sylvia.

"Look, Syl; Barney thinks maybe this number—"

"I know, Eddie." This was the bad part of failure; she didn't mind for herself, but she hated to disappoint others. "I goofed it. I'm terribly sorry."

"Honey, you were swell." He walked with her towards the door. "The number's wrong for you; it isn't your style. I shouldn't have let you touch it."

"Eddie, don't be crazy. It's a lovely song. The truth is, I—"

The truth was not for Eddie. He believed in her and in show business; he would only be hurt and puzzled by the truth. "I'm tired, I guess," she continued. "I kept tightening up all through it. I couldn't seem to relax."

"Sure you're tired"—pressing her arm. "You've had a rough time lately; I've pushed you into too many of these things. You need a good rest, honey."

"I'm going to get one. I—I've decided to go home for a holiday, after all."

"You have? Good girl!" His relief was all too evident. "That's very wise, Syl. And look; take time for it. Don't feel you have to rush right back. Have fun, catch up on your sleep, get plenty of that good farm cooking. Then, when you're really feeling fit, let me know and I'll line up something. Something just tailored for you. You'll wow them again the way you did on the Mel-and-Marty show!"

But already he had stopped thinking about Sylvia. He was looking back at the set, at Connie Chambers. Connie was there, in make-up, her costume identical with Sylvia's. They'd had Connie standing by. Well, why not? Connie, too, was Eddie's client. And the show had to be taped, ready for the Bushman people to look at it tomorrow. The world didn't stop just because another soprano bit the dust.

Sylvia said quickly, "All right, Eddie. I'll let you know when I'm coming back. Goodbye, and thanks for everything."

The studio door closed. And then there wasn't any more Sylvia Maple. She ceased to exist, as abruptly as she had come into being a few months before. Now there was only a girl named Sylvia Hackett, from Gold Creek, California. Tom Hackett's youngest daughter—the one who used to sing. Little Sylvia Hackett, going home for a holiday. Going home to tell her family she had failed.

How could she tell them? She didn't know how to tell them. They had such faith in her, such pride.

Tell the truth, why don't you? Tell them you never wanted a career; you hated every minute of it. They pushed you into it; you sang because they wanted you to. And you, like a fool, went ahead with it, step by step, trying to justify their faith. Trying to be something you're not. For a little while—thanks to Eddie Aiken—you were lucky, but now the luck's run out and you're through, you're quitting. So be honest. Tell them the truth.

At Cheyenne the plane was grounded for two hours, and they told her she probably would not be able to reach Sacramento that night. The news

was welcome. At once she sent a telegram to her father:

"Arrival time uncertain. Don't try meet me. Will phone. Love."

But they were there. Dad, Mother, Adelaide, patiently waiting to welcome her. She felt a shock of dismay and anger at the sight of them; it wasn't fair, she couldn't face them. Not tonight. She smiled, waved gaily, ran to meet them.

"Dad! Mother; Oh, it's good to see you! But you shouldn't have come! Didn't you get my wire?"

"Yes, dear, we got it." Her mother's eyes were misted; her hands trembled, catching at Sylvia's arm. "But of course we came anyway. We wouldn't miss a single minute with you."

"You're sweet. But all that long drive, waiting for hours. . . . Addie, why did you let them do it?"

Addie's smile was astringent, her cheek cool to Sylvia's kiss. "Try and stop them, darling. This is a great occasion, didn't you know? Wilbur and I had all we could do to keep them from hiring a brass band."

"Wilbur?" She hadn't seen Wilbur Briggs hovering wistfully in the background. "Darling! You, too! Oh, this really is marvellous!" She ignored the hand he offered and flung her arms around him, kissing him heartily.

She was enormously pleased to see Wilbur—dear old ever-faithful Wilbur. He had saved her. Because he wasn't in the family, much as he would like to be, and she couldn't discuss family matters before an outsider, could she? Her confession of failure must wait, now, until morning.

She wakened slowly, aware of sounds familiar but half forgotten—a blue jay crying, a calf bawling, the hollow thud of an axe, a rooster crowing. She opened her eyes carefully to a room flooded with the thin clear light of morning sun.

Beyond the high windows were the long white slopes of the pasture, the dark line of the creek, the pine-covered bulk of Hunter's Hill, and beyond it the serrated lines of other hills, blue in the distance, rising to the Sierra. A glow of contentment filled her. Home. She was really and truly home again. Oh, it was so wonderful to be at home.

Sounds came faintly from the kitchen downstairs—the clatter of dishes, the rattle of a stove lid, her mother's hurried, uneven tread. The morning darkened suddenly. Now it must be faced; now she must tell them. She lay a little longer, gathering courage. In robe and slippers, she ran down the stairs.

In the kitchen, the bitter-sweet fragrance of oak wood burning, the smell of coffee, of baking bread. "Good morning, Mother."

"Why, Sylvie! I didn't expect you'd be down yet. How are you, dear? You didn't catch a cold coming home?"

"No, I'm fine. I—"

"Well, take this rocker here by the stove. What would you like for breakfast, lamb?"

"I'll find something, Mother. Don't bother. I don't want you to wait on me."

"My dear, it's my pleasure. I made cinnamon rolls for you; they'll be done in a minute. And I told Addie to bring home some grapefruit when she went to take the cream into town. I thought she'd be back before this. I do hope the car isn't acting up again. That car—I don't know; everything's wrong with it lately. But at least it got us home last night."

"Your father talks about trading it in, but I don't see how we can right now; you know we barely broke even on the pears this year, and the way feed prices are, the cows don't even pay for themselves. If you hadn't been so good about sending us money, darling, I don't know what we'd have done."



"Mother, there's—"

"Yes, dear, here's your coffee. You sure you're warm enough? My, that's a pretty robe. Where'd you get it?"

"Eddie gave it to me. Mother, listen—"

"Eddie? Your agent? Gracious, he must think a lot of you, giving you an expensive present like that."

"No. It's his business to be nice to clients, and that's all I am—another client. Not a very good one, either. Mother, that's—"

"Oh, there's the phone. I'll get it. . . . Hello? . . . Oh, Janet, hello. . . . Yes, she's here. We went down to meet her and the plane was late; and then, with the snow, it was almost three o'clock when we got home."

She turned to wink broadly at Sylvia. "I expect she'll be up before long, though. I'll have her call you, shall I? . . . Oh, she's fine. Tired, the way she's been working. . . . Isn't it, though? I still can hardly believe it. I told Tom, I said, 'Never mind getting me any Christmas present. Having my girl here is all I want.' This will be the most perfect Christmas ever, with Sylvie home. . . . Yes, I'll tell her, dear. Thanks for calling. Goodbye."

She said happily, "That's the way it's been ever since Wilbur put the piece in the paper about you coming home. The phone's done nothing but ring. Everybody's so excited, so anxious to see you. I tell you, you're about the biggest thing ever happened to Gold Creek."

"Oh, Mother, I'm not —"

"Yes, you are; don't play modest. Goodness, do you still get embarrassed when anybody pays you a compliment? I'd think you'd be used to it by now. Wait till you see what Wilbur said about you in the paper. You know, he's just about running the paper since his father fell and hurt his hip last spring. Doing well with it, too. He's such a nice boy, Wilbur. And he thinks the world of you. Every time we see him he tells us — Where are you going? Don't you want any cinnamon rolls?"

"Not just now, Mother. I — I thought I'd get dressed and go outdoors a few minutes. To see what the place looks like."

"Oh. . . . Well, all right. Yes, I guess you'd better, before people start coming to see you. We can have our visit later."

The sun blazed on fast-melting snow; already the pasture was patched with brown, and the south slants of roofs were bare and steaming. A gravelled track led past the house to the barn and the cluster of out-buildings, three hundred yards distant.

Sylvia started that way, but halfway there she saw her father and Mr. Linnes, the hired man, cross from the barn to the poultry house. They hadn't seen her. She turned aside impulsively, going up the hill, up past the rose garden and the terraced rows of raspberries, and into the orchard, higher and higher through the avenues of naked pear trees, until the farmstead was hidden by a curve of the hill and she was alone, utterly alone.

Now she moved slowly, savoring the morning and her solitude, aware in all her being of the color and form and fragrance about her; the smell of pine and

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By
DAVID LAMSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HOLLAND



*Because Sylvia had never before been so happy
to see Eddie, she threw her arms around him
in an affectionate embrace and gave him a kiss.*

The 64-cent Question

A short short story

By HARRIET SHIEK

ON a Saturday night in June, five years and two children after their wedding day, the Jim Randalls were walking home from a party in their neighborhood. Their arms were linked. Jim was scowling thoughtfully.

Marcie wore a pink cotton dress with a full skirt that swirled about her legs; her feet, in pink ballerina slippers, took a double little dancing step now and then to keep up with Jim's long strides.

"What a night!" Marcie sighed, head tilted back. "What a moon! I'd like to dance on it."

"Mm," Jim said absently.

"Wish I could drive with you when you take the sitter home. Wish we could drive all night till the sun comes up."

"Mm," She glanced at him, shook his arm a little, as though to waken him. "Mm, mm. Is that all you can say on a night like this?"

"Mm." "What are you thinking about so hard? That beautiful redhead we met at the party? She had all the men drooling, including you. You're probably not the only husband who's thinking about her on his way home tonight. Go ahead, have your think."

"Gee, thanks. But I'm not thinking about Carlotta Landreth. I'm thinking about what I do."

She gave him a wry, appraising look. "How many drinks did you have, Jim Randall?"

His big shoulders shrugged away that subject. "What would you say I do, honey?"

"What a silly question, anyway."

"No, it's an important question. I'm serious."

"Must you be? Oh, all right." She folded her stole, hung it over her arm, then clasped her hands in front of her as though she were sitting in church. "Now, I've never been more serious. Tell me what's important about this big sixty-four-cent question."

"Well . . . when we were introduced to the Landreths tonight, did you notice it wasn't two minutes before Bob Landreth was asking me what I do?"

"So?" "Well, that's the third time it's happened to me today. And I just got to thinking . . . Do you realise that, no matter where or when a guy meets people, the first question they ask him is, 'What do you do?'"

Marcie thought that over. "Well, it is a common question. So?"

"So the average guy—unless he's got a real career like being a doctor or lawyer or something—answers that he repairs cars or sells insur-

ance or delivers milk or runs a lathe. Me, I always say I wind coils that go into potentiometers. But . . . you know what?"

"What?"

"Tonight . . . after answering the same damn question three times in one day . . . tonight I got the feeling that I've been giving the wrong answer."

"Wrong? What's wrong with it? You do wind coils that go into potentiometers. Unless you're leading a double life that I know nothing about."

"When would I have time to lead a double life?"

"Hm. You've got a point there. Which reminds me, we're getting home pretty late. Are we still going to get up early in the morning and paint the fence before the kids wake up?"

"Sure." They walked on slowly. Marcie asked, "What is the right answer, then, if it isn't winding coils?"

"I don't know. That's what's got me stumped."

"Jim . . ." Marcie was frowning now. "Don't you like your job at the plant?"

"What's to like about coils? I like the fellows I work with, though. And some day maybe I'll move up to supervisor. But it'll still be coils." He was silent a while, then asked curiously, "Does a guy have to like his job?"

"Well, certainly, he's supposed to, to be happy. Are . . . are you happy?"

"Sure. Not because of coils, though. I could die tomorrow and those coils would still get wound. Just the same, I'm happy. Does that make me odd?"

"Well . . ." Marcie's voice trailed off uncertainly.

They had reached their house. Examining the gate in the moonlight before he unlatched it, Jim said, "It will look better with a new paint job, won't it? Let's set the alarm for five. Maybe I can give the steps a coat, too."

"Jim . . . ?" Her voice sounded troubled as she stood looking up at him. "Your job . . . I hate to think you're not satisfied or . . ."

"But I am satisfied. As long as I punch that old time clock, I'm earning the dough to do the things I want. Like buying the house, painting the fence, and . . ." His voice stopped. He gazed at their house for a long time, at the lighted window, the fireplace chimney, the green shutters.

"That's it," he said slowly, as if he'd just discovered something. "Now I know why my answer to

that question about what I do seems wrong. Look," he said, turning to her. "I spend only eight hours a day at the plant, right?"

"Right."

"But it pays me money to do all the things I want to do in the other sixteen hours out of twenty-four. Right?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's it," he said again. "Those coils are a means to an end, not an end in itself. They aren't, are they?"

"No, Jim."

He unlatched the gate, swung it open for her, then latched it after them. As they went up the walk towards the porch, he said, "Do you know what my answer's going to

be the next time somebody asks me, 'What do you do, Mr. Randall?'"

"No."

"I'm going to say, 'Who, me? What do I do? Why, I live.' And if they want any more details, I'll say, 'I live with a blonde. I talk to her; I eat with her. I also raise kids. And I spend a lot of time fixing up the home that I do my living in.' He grinned at her. "Wouldn't all that be a truer answer?"

"Yes, Jim." She smiled and slipped her hand into his. "But I'm afraid you would sound odd to give an answer like that."

"Yeah, I guess I would. I'll probably end up saying, as usual, 'I wind coils that go into potentiometers.'"

They were at the door now. As he dug in his pocket for the key, Marcie unfolded her stole, reached up, and looped it around his neck. Drawing him towards her by pulling on the ends of the stole, she said softly, "Why don't you ask me what I do?"

"And what do you do, Mrs. Randall?"

"I love," she answered, (Copyright)

A RING OF TRUTH

To Louise it was as
clear as a bell...
a dramatic short story

By ALAN
SCHOLEFIELD

JUST before 9 o'clock one fine spring morning, Madame Louise Berthault walked briskly down the Graben in the direction of her jewellery shop at No. 17 Kartnerstrasse. Vienna in spring, free Vienna, not a soldier in the streets; the trees on the Ringstrasse were bursting into leaf and even the sparrows had lost their winter gloominess. It was a quicksilver day.

Madame's step was jaunty, and the little blue-and-white hat that she wore bobbed through the early crowds like a cork on water. While Madame Berthault was no longer young, she was certainly not old, and on that morning she felt more like seventeen again. The turned heads and raised eyebrows that followed her petite well-suited figure down the pavement were in themselves enough proof that mere age was purely relative.

There was something about spring, Madame Berthault thought to herself, breathing in the ice-d white wine that served for air. There was just that intangible something. Was it romance? She blushed slightly to herself, bringing a color of early roses to her cheeks that sent an elderly businessman from Munich diving for the nearest wine shop. It must be her French blood, she thought, the result of mixing French and Viennese.

She hadn't felt like this since Leopold had died three years ago, leaving her his half-share in the jewellery shop. Poor Leopold! One could hardly have called him romantic, but, then, life was not all romance. And, certainly, she had better forget these fantasies, for a jeweller's shop, as her partner Wilhelm von Moltke had so often told her, was a place for quiet and serious demeanor. Dear, punctilious, serious Wilhelm, who thought that a woman's place was anywhere but in a jewellery shop but could never bring himself to say so.

She wondered if she should marry him. He was so kind and good-looking in a distinguished way and he had asked her three times. What was it, then, that stopped her? It wasn't that she felt unfaithful to Leopold. Certainly not; he would have wanted it. And it wasn't because she didn't like Wilhelm. She did; she was very fond of him. Nor did she wish to remain free; she was far too sensible for that, especially on days like this when sense gave way to emotion. No, it was something else. It was this... this benevolent condescension with which he treated her, as though she were a little girl playing a game.

If she married him, she would have a home to run and there would be no time for the jewellery shop. She would not mind that; and she supposed that Wilhelm was better in the shop than she, even though he conducted it on lofty and gentlemanly lines that sometimes made the cautious French blood in Madame's veins thicken slightly in apprehension.

Madame Berthault turned out of the Graben into Kartnerstrasse and entered the door of the shop.

Wilhelm was there as usual, behind the counter, greying at the temples, dressed immaculately in a dark suit and white shirt, reading the paper.

"Good morning, Wilhelm," she said brightly, "and what scandals interest you this morning?" Wilhelm read nothing but the leading articles and the financial news, and she knew it. He folded the paper

carefully and bowed over her hand. She noticed that the mark of the watch glass that he constantly used in his right eye gave him a slightly owlish look.

"Good morning, Louise," he said gravely. "There are more important things in the newspapers than scandals, and it is as well that one of us reads them."

"Well, don't be surprised if I clear the stock and run off with a travelling acrobat one day. That will be a nice scandal. You will have to read that."

"Louise!" Wilhelm's voice was shocked in exactly the way Madame Berthault had intended. "Louise, that is no way to talk." And then recovering himself from the obvious trap, he smiled and said: "Anyway, there are very few presentable acrobats nowadays."

"That's the trouble with you, Wilhelm. You're a snob. You would always look for the 'presentable' one."

"Oh, Louise, do be your age! Acrobats! Rubbish!" He rustled his paper in irritation.

Madame Berthault chuckled to herself and went into the office at the back...

Louise and Wilhelm were having a glass of sweet black coffee in the office behind the shop when the bell on the door announced a customer. Madame Berthault rose and straightened her skirt. "I'll go," she said.

In the shop a couple stood waiting. The man was of medium height with long, dark hair brushed carefully past his ears, a well-cut charcoal-grey suit and a stiff, white collar that fairly crackled. Even before he had drawled "Good morning" with that assurance of the English abroad that their language is the accepted language of the Continent, Madame would have picked his nationality from a hundred.

The card which he handed to Madame with a small bow read simply, "Lord Edgeware." With him was a tall, elegant, and very remote young woman with a clear white skin and jet-black hair who, Madame Berthault would have guessed, was a fashion model.

In the same drawing tone Lord Edgeware asked to see some diamond rings. But for all the facade of nonchalance Madame Berthault could see the inward bubblings of excitement. Love, she thought, it could only be love. And something in her responded and warmed to them. "Certainly, sir," she said, "one moment."

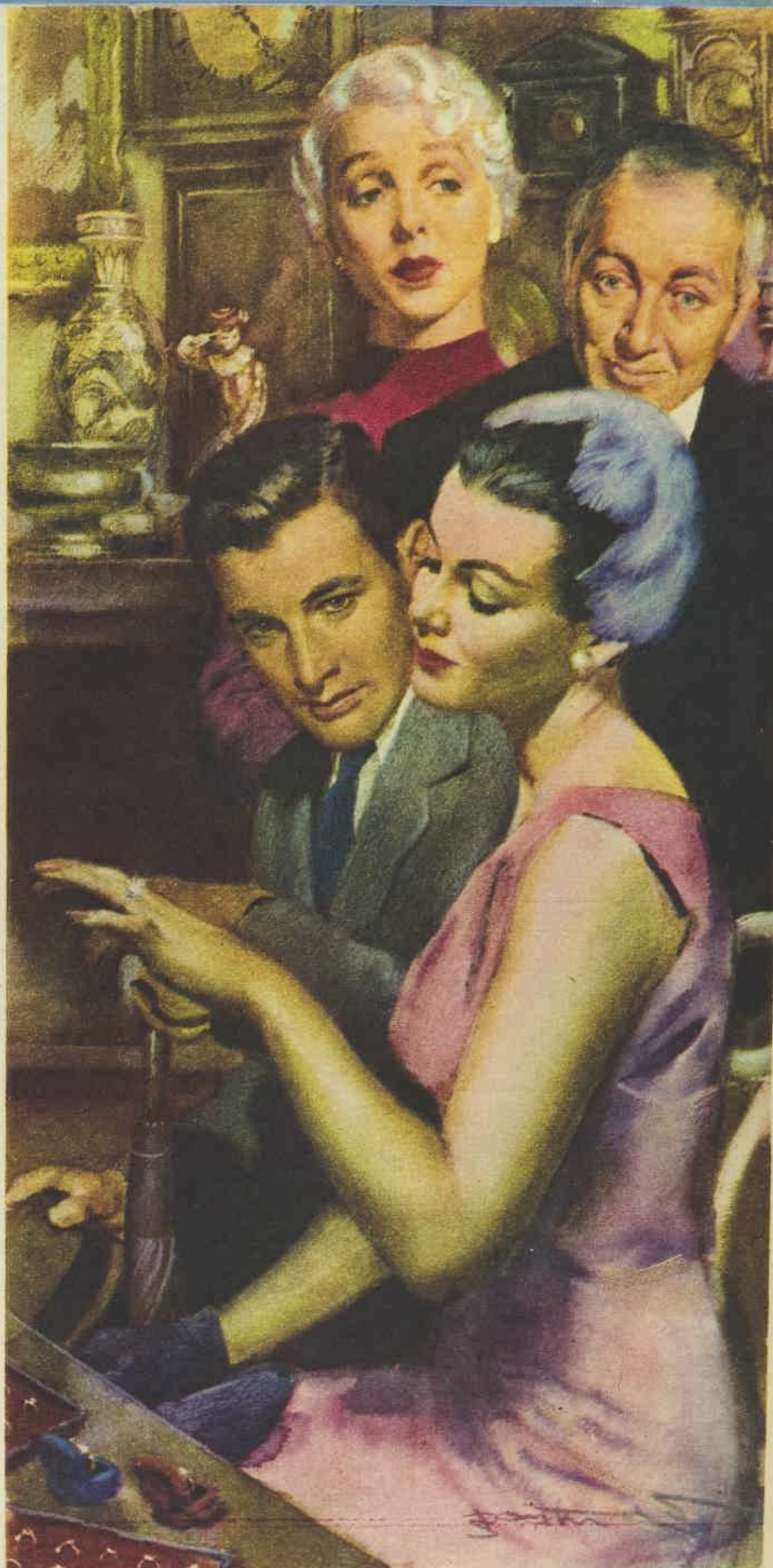
"Something really good, Madame," Lord Edgeware began. "You see, it's for..." He laughed, embarrassed, making a gesture with his hand in the direction of the remote young woman, "... it's for my..." and then, with a rush as though he had to tell someone, he said boyishly and with apparent delight: "You see, I've chased her half-way across Europe and at last she's said..." The remote young woman broke in: "Really, Eddie, must you?"

Lord Edgeware laughed again, nervously this time. "Well, darling—so marvellous... must tell someone."

Madame Berthault beamed at them. She was enchanted. "Something special," she said, "but of course." She led them into the back office.

"Wilhelm," she said, "I should like to

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Tonia Vandare slipped the ring on to her third finger, left hand, and everyone waited to hear her verdict.



My cheque account

I opened a cheque account with the "Wales" soon after I started work and found how simple and efficient it was to pay by cheque.

I had thought that cheque books were only for businessmen and people with a lot of money, but anyone can have a cheque account, and everyone receives the same friendly attention.

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"I love new Lux in Gold Foil!... Believe me, now that Lux Toilet Soap is in gold foil, it's even more wonderful than before!..."

"Lux has been my soap for years! Naturally, I was among the first in Hollywood to preview New Lux in Gold Foil! I found it keeps my skin smoother, softer than ever! It'll do the same for yours..."

Written by lovely Ann Blyth, star of "The Helen Morgan Story"—a Warner Bros. picture.

Now turn to page 53 for "Star Talk"—news and gossip from Hollywood.

4.50 FROM PADDINGTON

by Agatha Christie

AMATEUR detective MISS JANE MARPLE cannot help being pleased when LUCY EYELESBARROW, who is helping her investigate a murder, tells her she has found the body of a strangled woman in a barn in the grounds of Rutherford Hall, where she works as housekeeper. Miss Marple was told by her friend, ELSPETH MCGILLICUDDY, that she saw a man strangle a woman in a train, and Miss Marple was sure the murder had taken place as the train encircled the grounds of the Hall near Brackhampton.

INSPECTOR BACON, of the local police force, comes to the Hall, and LUTHER CRACKENTHORPE, his daughter EMMA, and their physician, DR. QUIMPER, have to inspect the body, but it is no one

they know. The Crackenthorpe brothers, HAROLD, a successful businessman, ALFRED, not so successful, and CEDRIC, an artist living abroad, BRYAN EASTLEY, widower of EDITH CRACKENTHORPE, and MR. WIMBORNE, the family solicitor, attend the inquest.

Back at the Hall schoolboys ALEXANDER, Bryan's son, and JAMES STODDART-WEST, are delighted when DETECTIVE DERMOT CRADDOCK arrives from Scotland Yard. The police, however, cannot identify the body, although they think the woman was foreign. In Ceylon Mrs. McGillicuddy, on seeing photographs, confirms the body as that of the woman she saw being strangled. NOW READ ON:

"I SIMPLY can't make you out," said Cedric Crackenthorpe.

He eased himself down on the decaying wall of a long derelict pigsty and stared at Lucy Eyelesbarrow.

"What can't you make out?"

"What you're doing here."

"I'm earning my living."

"As a skivvy?" He spoke disparagingly.

"You're out of date," said Lucy. "Skivvy, indeed! I'm a Household Help, a Professional Domestician, or an Answer to Prayer, mainly the latter."

"You can't like all the things you have to do—cooking and making beds and whirling round about with a hoopla or whatever you call it, and sinking your arms up to the elbows in greasy water."

Lucy laughed.

"Not the details, perhaps, but cooking satisfies my creative instincts, and there's something in me that really revels in clearing up mess."

"I live in a permanent mess," said Cedric. "I like it," he added defiantly. "You look as if you did."

"My cottage in Iviza is run on simple straightforward lines. Three plates, two cups and saucers, a bed, a table, and a couple of chairs. There's dust everywhere and smears of paint and chips of stone—I sculpt as well as paint—and nobody's allowed to touch a thing. I won't have a woman near the place."

"Not in any capacity?"

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"I was assuming that a man of such artistic taste presumably had some kind of love life."

"My love life, as you call it, is my own business," said Cedric with dignity. "What I won't have is woman in her tidying-up interfering bossing capacity!"

"How I'd love to have a go at your cottage," said Lucy. "It would be a challenge!"

"You won't get the opportunity."

"I suppose not."

Some bricks fell out of the pigsty. Cedric turned his head and looked into its nettle-ridden depths.

"Dear old Madge," he said. "I remember her well. A sow of most endearing disposition and a prolific mother. Seventeen in the last litter, I remember. We used to come here on

fine afternoons and scratch Madge's back with a stick. She loved it."

"Why has the whole place been allowed to get into the state it's in? It can't only be the war?"

"You'd like to tidy this up, too, I suppose? What an interfering female you are. I quite see now why you would be the person to discover a body! You couldn't even leave a Greco-Roman sarcophagus alone." He paused and then went on. "No, it's not only the war. It's my father. What do you think of him, by the way?"

"I haven't had much time for thinking."

"Don't evade the issue. He's mean and in my opinion a bit crazy as well. Of course he hates all of us—except perhaps Emma. That's because of my grandfather's will."

Lucy looked inquiring.

"My grandfather was the man who mada-da-monitch. With the Crunchies and the Cracker Jacks and the Cosy Crisps. All the afternoon-tea delicacies, and then, being far-sighted, he switched on very early to Cheesies and Canapes so that now we cash in on cocktail parties in a big way. Well, the time came when father intimated that he had a soul above Crunchies. He travelled in Italy and the Balkans and Greece and dabbled in art. My grandfather was peeved."

"He decided my father was no man of business and a rather poor judge of art (quite right in both cases), so left all his money in trust for his grandchildren. Father had the income for life, but he couldn't touch the capital. Do you know what he did? He stopped spending money. He came here and began to save. I'd say that by now he's accumulated nearly as big a fortune as my grandfather left."

"And in the meantime all of us, Harold, myself, Alfred, and Emma, haven't got a penny of grandfather's money. I'm a stony-broke painter. Harold went into business and is now a prominent man in the City—he's the one with the money-making touch, though I've heard rumors that he's in Queer Street lately. Alfred—well, Alfred is usually known in the privacy of the family as Flash Alf—"

"Why?"

"What a lot of things you want to know! The answer is that Alf is the black sheep of the family. He's not actually been to prison yet, but he's been very

near it. He was in the Ministry of Supply during the war, but left it rather abruptly under questionable circumstances. And after that there were some dubious deals in tinned fruits—and trouble over eggs. Nothing in a big way—just a few doubtful deals on the side."

"Isn't it rather unwise to tell strangers all these things?"

"Why? Are you a police spy?"

"I might be."

"I don't think so. You were here slaving away before the police began to take an interest in us. I should say—"

He broke off as his sister Emma came through the door of the kitchen garden.

"Hallo, Em? You're looking very perturbed about something."

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE



Third exciting instalment of our murder mystery serial

"I am. I want to talk to you, Cedric."
"I must get back to the house," said Lucy tactfully.
"Don't go," said Cedric. "Murder has made you practically one of the family."
"I've got a lot to do," said Lucy. "I only came out to get some parsley."

She beat a rapid retreat to the kitchen garden. Cedric's eyes followed her.
"Good-looking girl," he said. "Who is she really?"

"Oh, she's quite well known," said Emma. "She's made a speciality of this kind of thing. But never mind Lucy Eyelesbarrow, Cedric, I'm terribly worried. Apparently the police think that the dead woman was a foreigner, perhaps French. Cedric, you don't think that she could possibly be—Martine?"

For a moment or two Cedric stared at her as though uncomprehending.

"Martine? But who on earth—oh, you mean Martine?"

"Yes. Do you think—"

"Why on earth should it be Martine?"

"Well, her sending that telegram was odd when you come to think of it. It must have been roughly about the same time . . . Do you think she may, after all, have come down here and—"

"Nonsense. Why should Martine come down here and find her way into the Long Barn? What for? It seems wildly unlikely to me."

"You don't think, perhaps, that I ought to tell Inspector Bacon—or the other one?"

"Tell him what?"

"Well—about Martine. About her letter."

"Now don't you go complicating things, Sis, by bringing up a lot of irrelevant stuff that has nothing to do with all this. I was never very convinced about that letter from Martine, anyway."

"I was."

"You've always been good at believing impossible things before breakfast, old girl. My advice to you is, sit tight, and keep your mouth shut. It's up to the police to identify their precious corpse. And I bet Harold would say the same."

"Oh, I know Harold would. And Alfred, also. But I'm worried, Cedric, I really am worried. I don't know what I ought to do."

"Nothing," said Cedric promptly. "You keep your mouth shut, Emma. Never go halfway to meet trouble, that's my motto."

Emma Crackenthorpe sighed. She went slowly back to the house uneasy in her mind.

As she came into the drive, Doctor Quimper emerged from the house and opened the door of his battered Austin car. He paused when he saw her, then, leaving the car, he came towards her.

"Well, Emma," he said. "Your father's in splendid shape. Murder suits him. It's given him an interest in life. I must recommend it for more of my patients."

Emma smiled mechanically. Dr. Quimper was always quick to notice reactions.

"Anything particular the matter?" he asked.

Emma looked up at him. She had come to rely a lot on the kindness and sympathy of the doctor. He had become a friend on whom to lean, not only a medical attendant.

His calculated brusqueness did not deceive her—she knew the kindness that lay behind it.

"I am worried, yes," she admitted.

"Care to tell me? Don't if you don't want to."

"I'd like to tell you. Some of it you know already. The point is I don't know what to do."

"I should say your judgment was usually most reliable. What's the trouble?"

"You remember—or perhaps you don't—what I once told you about my brother—the one who was killed in the war?"

"You mean about his having married—or wanting to marry—a French girl? Something of that kind?"

"Yes. Almost immediately after I got that letter, he was killed. We never heard anything of or about the girl. All we knew, actually, was her Christian name. We always expected her to write or to turn up, but she didn't. We never heard anything—until about a month ago, just before Christmas."

"I remember. You got a letter, didn't you?"

"Yes. Saying she was in England and would like to meet and see us. It was all arranged and then, at the last minute, she sent a wire that she had to return unexpectedly to France."

"Well?"

"The police think that this woman who was killed—was French."

"They do, do they? She looked more of an English type to me, but one can't really judge. What's worrying you, then, is that just possibly the dead woman might be your brother's girl?"

"Yes."

"I think it's most unlikely," said Dr. Quimper, adding: "But all the same, I understand what you feel."

"I'm wondering if I ought not to tell the police about—about it all. Cedric and the others say it's quite unnecessary. What do you think?"

"Hm." Dr. Quimper pursed up his lips. He

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"It's very kind of you to ask me to tea," Miss Marple said, smiling at Lucy on the sofa and Emma while the Crackenthorpe brothers looked on.





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Kitchen Decoration

3 Kitchens with a budget look

● A good kitchen, where it is easy to work and pleasant to live, does not just happen. It is a combination of many skills and plans. First-rate equipment and appliances are a wonderful boon to the modern housewife, while good ventilation, efficient lighting, and proper acoustic conditions to lessen some of the noise are important considerations. But to be completely satisfactory a kitchen must also look attractive. In this special feature on kitchen decoration are all sorts of bright ideas—budget-type, luxury, and in-between as well — for what has become perhaps the most lived-in room in the whole house.



1 Small and almost square in shape, but with one wall running at a slight angle, the kitchen above is equipped with neat, compact units which include the tall cabinet and table. Sturdily built of wood, with plastic handles, the units have no metal parts to rust. All the working tops are made of plastic and the sink is of enamel.

Below the drawers, cupboard space is generous, and the corner unit has a lift-up top with a slatted shelf beneath.

For this kitchen the color scheme is cream and green, but the furniture also comes in red, blue, or yellow. The floor is covered with long-lasting tiles in squares of black and deep yellow. For curtaining, towelling of bright reds and blues on white is used.

The cooking area makes light work of meals for an average-sized family. Heat in the gas oven is automatically controlled, and the drop door makes a useful working area.

Besides the grill, the stove has four quick-boiling burners, and also a double plate rack.

The refrigerator provides adequate cold storage without taking up too much space in the room.

2 The kitchen below is the answer for those who are not skilled carpenters, or for household handymen who want either to re-style an old kitchen or start one from scratch.

This kitchen set-up lends itself equally well to packaged furniture or hand-machined fixtures.

When kitchen furniture is bought in package form, it is usually complete with door-handles, hinges, and catches. If it is not varnished or enamelled, there is glass paper to prepare the wood for painting.

The materials used here are selected hardwood, good quality plywood, and the worktops and doors are plastic.

Generally the sink top and drainer, plus the taps, and per-

haps the final working surfaces, have to be provided separately, but these items are not difficult to buy and fit.

And because, in many instances, units can be adapted in size, you can really have a made-to-measure kitchen.

An easy-to-apply washable wall-covering that wears well adds color and charm to the walls. Curtains are of chintz, and there is linoleum on the floor.



3 The kitchen pictured below was a desolate sight when the new owner first moved in. It had an old-fashioned sink and a general air of drabness.

Since the owner was working to a budget, she decided to spend her money on making the kitchen pretty to work in, and settled on a color scheme of white, flame, and blue.

Very good use has been made of linoleum, not only

for the floor (pale grey) but for the panelling of the doors round the sink, as a top for the "breakfast bar" table, pictured far left, and for the canopy over the cooker, which are all in blue.

The total amount of linoleum used was 11 x 10 feet. The cooker corner is covered with terra-cotta felt-backed tiles and a motif of Chinese characters meaning "It charms everybody's heart" has been cut into the table top.

A large slice of the dividing wall to the small room next door was knocked down to make the breakfast-bar-cum-dining table.

Walls in the dining area, seen in the picture centre left, are in a bamboo paper, curtains are flame percale, and kitchen walls are painted white. Round the edge of the arch is cane, which, after heating, can be curved.



Three kitchens of efficiency



1 FOR EASY WORKING

The kitchen at the left is rich in color, efficient to work in, and equipped with very modern and beautifully made unit fittings.

There's a double draining-sink unit with stainless steel top, one 42-inch and one 21-inch base unit with wall cupboards above, and a corner unit by the cooker which has a roomy cupboard for storing things not in frequent use.

THE cabinets are of solid all-timber. The doors have magnetic catches for easy closing, and the sliding doors move perfectly on nylon dust-proof runners. Glowing red plastic forms the smart and useful working surfaces.

The four radiant-plate electric cooker is spanking new and has a new automatic timer controlling one of the hotplates as well as the oven. This means you come home to a perfect meal, cooked and ready. Throughout this kitchen there is a logical and efficient link between all the various areas. There is also cross ventilation.

Other features are a refrigerator, percolator, and toaster, the yellow-and-black floor of tiles laid in a border pattern, special kitchen wallpaper, and the effective crisp cotton curtains. A liquidiser and an electric clock are other accessories.



2 IN A FLAT

● This room (below left) was designed by an expert in kitchen planning for his own flat. A boon for a flat-dweller is the attractive dining recess occupying a corner of the room.

HIS wife chose the color scheme for the room and together they have achieved a colorful and neat effect.

Highlight is a larder unit, specially developed for smaller kitchens.

The sink unit has a double bowl and drainers, with plenty of cupboards and drawers, and a waste disposal unit.

The cooker, with its separate grill, has a canopy and fan to remove cooking smells.

Linoleum has been chosen for the floor because it is so easy to clean and the floor is actually sheet marble in grey, winter-white, and blue.

Sky-blue plastic is used on all worktops, and every inch of space has been planned to take plenty of cupboards for maximum storage.

The dining section is papered in grey and green, and the pretty divider-unit has a collection of Toby jugs and liqueur bottles. The curtains are made of figured cretonne.

Page 24

3 PERIOD STYLE

● The period look of the kitchen at the right has been preserved despite extensive modernisation. Previously it was a large farmhouse-style kitchen complete with old-fashioned range.

THE designer has streamlined the room into an efficient labor-saving place in which to work.

A modern gas range has replaced the old one, and the recess has been made attractive by tiling and by fitting pegboard where the gleaming copper saucepans hang, which is an easy idea to copy.

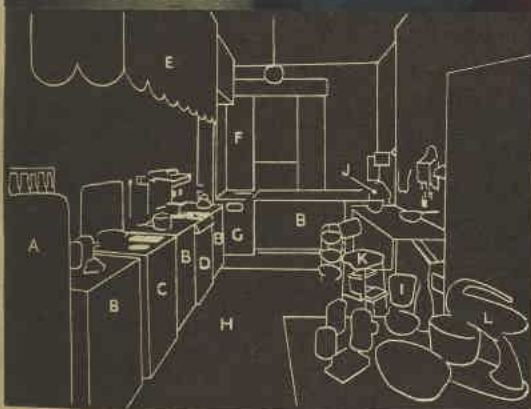
Steamproof trellis paper on the outer wall keeps alive the original "country kitchen" atmosphere.

The color scheme of yellow and white is fresh and bright, and the red percale curtains have a crisp, dirt-resistant finish. Linoleum tiles in yellow and black make an attractive floor. There is a waste disposal unit under one of the sink bowls.

The charming old Welsh dresser has remained, and, like the range recess, has been made part of the new kitchen with a citron-yellow washable top to match the rest of the room. All the chairs are covered in blue plastic.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 15, 1958



THE TEST KITCHEN

HERE is a dream kitchen that could become a reality wherever the testing of food is carried out. It is an ideal spot for making practical tests of new products for the home, and for trying out the latest in cookery equipment.

At the same time, if the domestic budget would run to such luxury, this style of kitchen would, of course, be a housewife's delight.

The floor units are not joined together, so that new equipment can be installed easily, keeping

the kitchen up to date according to latest information about products and methods.

Color in the kitchen is clear and crisp, featuring red and white, with pale yellow working tops and soft blue fitments.

ABOVE is the main view of the working area. BELOW, the other end of the area, showing the cupboard fitments, which give maximum storage. The marble-red linoleum floor is of good heavy quality to withstand the hardest wear.

THE KEY TO THE TEST KITCHEN

THE plan of this test kitchen is shown immediately above. Study the plan with the help of the check list given below and you will see what good kitchen planning really is.

- A. Seven cub. ft. electric refrigerator.
- B. The kitchen has been fitted with pale blue wall and floor cupboards with cherry red handles and a double draining stainless-steel sink unit.
- C. Electric cooker.
- D. Four-burner gas cooker.
- E. Striped paper on fan canopy.
- F. Glazed chintz curtains.
- G. Dishwasher.
- H. Red marble linoleum.
- I. Plastic kitchenware.
- J. Electric washing-machine.
- K. Stools, small fittings.
- L. Electric mixer.





...Make sure it's really Masonite*

(It's branded on the back)

Hardboards look much alike but when it comes to working with them, any experienced tradesman knows it pays to make sure the brand is MASONITE. That's why Masonite is always the world's most wanted hardboard.



It saws better



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An exciting range of **SIX** attractive colours

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Gay, colourful Wunderlich "DuraDec" is made in six modern decorative colours—Pink, Grey, Green, Buff, Blue and Black—flecked with white. "DuraDec" is washable, scrubbable, economical and easy to fix—available in waste-saving sheets, 6' x 3', 6' x 4', 7' x 3' and 7' x 4'.

Free: Write to Wunderlich Limited, Dept. "D," Box 474, G.P.O., Sydney, for coloured folder and sample.

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Decorated Wall Sheets of Asbestos-Cement

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YOUR KITCHEN GEAR



KNIVES AND KITCHEN STRAINERS, like those shown above, come in a variety of sizes and different meshes. Both items are among the "most used" equipment round kitchen working areas. Perhaps because she knows that her own kitchen is equipped to fit specific household needs, the young housewife, pictured at right, smiles cheerily as she slips into a neat check apron to start preparing a meal.

● Feeding a family is really a three-fold job of preparing food, cooking and serving food, and washing up, and this means that a large part of a housewife's day is spent in the kitchen.

TO simplify this job and make it seem more a pleasure than a chore, it is necessary to plan far ahead.

It is just as important to have the right good-quality tools for cooking as it is for any other highly skilled job, such as carpentry, bricklaying, or painting.

Essentials

The following list shows what is considered necessary for a well-equipped kitchen.

Beginners are advised to buy a few items of the best quality equipment they can afford and gradually add to them as their budget permits.

Saucepans come first on the list, and for general practical use a good, thick-quality aluminium saucepan-set is hard to beat.

An extra-small saucepan for such things as milk and egg boiling, and a very large one for corned meat, beetroot, tripe, and so on, are also worth while.

Special thick-based saucepans are required for electric ranges. Make sure that all types have heat-resistant handles and well-fitting lids.

Because frying foods require such a hot temperature it is important to have a really thick-gauge aluminium frying-pan. Thin pans buckle easily, with the result that food browns unevenly and sticks more easily.

For those interested in omelet-making, a specially shaped copper pan which is reserved only for omelets and is seldom, if ever, washed, is a good buy.

Copper pans are the best conductors of heat but require re-lining with tin every so often and therefore are too expensive for all types of cooking.

A good set of kitchen scales makes the weighing of ingredients for cakes and so on much easier.

Whether buying a spring or clock type, or one of the more accurate separate weight and balance scales, be sure to choose one with a large, deep dish for holding foods. Trying to weigh a pound of flour on scales with a dish the size of a saucer is awkward and exasperating.

Other good measuring utensils are the glass measuring-cup and an average-sized table-spoon, dessertspoon, and tea-

8in. cake-tins, and a loaf or bar-tin.

Also handy are at least three biscuit-trays or shallow cake-pans. If possible, these should all be of aluminium, as the tinned variety soon discolor and easily rust if not cared for.

Casseroles and piedishes can now be obtained in such attractive designs that they are often selected as gifts, so that many young housewives start their cooking with quite a store.

With or without lids, these dishes are most useful, as a number of foods can be cooked and served from the one container. Being china or glass, however, remember they must be handled with a little more care than the average kitchen utensil.

The first kitchen appliance to be considered is the range itself. Buy the best you can afford, because it will need to last a long time.

If you have the choice of gas or electricity, inquire about rates of both fuels in your district and find out what special reductions are given for using other appliances, as well as comparing installation costs.

When you choose a refrigerator, make sure it is large enough to allow for changes in entertaining and for family life.

A large freezer shelf will give you all the advantages of a miniature freezer.

The extras

These days there are many types of smaller kitchen appliances available to help lighten the housewife's job.

Which of these you will want in your home depends on the kind of cooking and amount of entertaining you are accustomed to do.

Certainly you need a good

toaster, preferably a pop-up one, while a mixer is an invaluable aid in the kitchen, supplying that extra pair of strong arms which never tire.

To be able to deep fry and shallow fry to a controlled heat in next to no time is many a housewife's dream. An appliance for this purpose is both convenient and safe. A automatically controlled coffee percolators which produce a perfectly blended cup are another blessing.

A word to the would-be purchasers of appliances, large or small.

● Thoroughly examine many different varieties before selecting one.

● Make sure there is a space for it on the kitchen bench within easy reach and use it.

● Don't let it become just another article that has been bought and thrust to the back of the shelf to gather dust.



Decoration Feature

spoon. All good cooking books will state whether spoon measurements are rounded or level.

Sets of plastic spoon measures are not reliable unless the housewife knows if they are of American or Australian design, because the American table-spoon holds only three tea-spoons compared with the Australian four.

Indispensable to all good cooks is a large, sturdy, sharp knife. Stainless steel knives are not the best, as a really sharp edge cannot be constantly maintained.

Other types of cutlery, such as ham-knives, carving-forks, spatulas and wooden spoons, egg-whisks, kitchen scissors, ladles, tin-openers, and cork-screws are necessary to complete a worthwhile set of tools.

A large, sturdy baking-dish, with a cover for those who do not like cleaning the oven, is another "must."

Minimum needs for baking are a standard pair of 7in. sandwich-tins, deep 6in. and

If you could get an under-water view of washing-up...

YOU'D SEE HOW LAZY SOAP-SUDS REALLY ARE !



If you could get an under-water view of washing-up you'd see how lazy suds from soaps and foaming detergents really are. . . . They just don't get down to work where the dirty dishes lie. They float idly on the top of the water.

You'd see just the opposite, with Trix; it wastes no time with surface bubbles but gets to work with concentrated cleansing energy *down in the water* . . . absorbing grease like magic (proof is your bright sink, free from scummy ring, when you let the washing-up water go). Instead of skin-diving into the sink for the under-water evidence . . .

Make this simple test...

Get a bottle of Trix. Use just one teaspoonful in the washing-up. Merely tickle those dishes with the mop. Then see if you can find a trace of greasy film. You won't! (Even on a dinner plate you didn't rinse.) Now stack them to drain. They're so gleaming clean the water leaves them instantly. No slow-going sudsy patches to dry dull and tacky on your china, to streak and cloud your glass-ware. . . . So—no tea-towel required! Your Trix-washed dishes dry brilliantly clean, as if you'd polished them . . . and they are hygienically clean, too!

How different from the germ-trap film and streaks that have to be rubbed off after a sudsy washing-up.

Trix is thick . . . it goes twice as far as ordinary detergents

Throw in the towel on wiping dishes... Just TRIX'em, that'll fix'em!

INSIST ON **Trix**
NON-FOAMING
DETERGENT



Just one tablespoon of Trix to two gallons of clothes-washing water gives the cleanest, sweetest wash, because Trix absorbs grease and dirt—and leaves no sudsy residue. Trix is best of all for washing woollens, silks and nylons.



Use Trix for window-cleaning. See how it banishes smears and smudges in a twinkling!



No "special" car shampoo does a better job than Trix. Wash car with Trix-in-water, hose. Traffic film disappears like magic!

Tact deodorant soap
safeguards your freshness,
all over, all day
all year round
as no ordinary soap can...



New miracle
Tact deodorant soap
actually keeps perspiration

Odour-Free

☆ **PROVED BY LABORATORY TESTS**
to wash away up to 95% of the germs
which actually cause perspiration odour

Even in COOL weather, people perspire—but gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past!

Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient G11, known to science as hexachlorophene.

G11 HEXACHLOROPHENE

Perspiration odour is caused by germs! Perspiration has no odour—at first—but the germs which live on everybody's skin quickly cause it to decompose, become offensive. Tact, with G11, washes away up to 95% of these odour-causing germs and stands guard against new germs on your skin.

You can wash over and over with

ordinary soap and thousands of these germs stay—but, when Tact's miracle ingredient has removed these odour-causing germs, you can't offend.

Wonderful for complexions, too!

Tact helps clear up surface blemishes and minor skin infections, is ideal for teen-age skin problems. G11 is so gentle it's used in baby lotions.

BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP
IN THE BIG BATH SIZE...
and SAVE MONEY!

REGULAR SIZE 1' - BATH SIZE 1'5

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

Wall-tiling tips for the handyman

● Once upon a time, fixing wall tiles in kitchens and bathrooms was regarded as a job beyond the scope of the household handyman. Modern methods of fixing tiles with adhesives and the introduction of plastic and the new ceramic tiles have completely changed the picture.

NOW the job of tiling whole walls in pretty combinations of colors is almost as easy for the domestic handyman as a simple repair job.

Not only that, it can be done without any of the old-time grubby preparations, without hacking or chipping the wall surface or providing guide strips, and, most important, without interference with the day-to-day use of the room involved.

Here are some hints on the modern types and methods of tiling:

CERAMIC TILES. Ceramic tiles give an impervious and hygienic wall surface, and can be bought in a number of sizes.

The size most commonly used measures 6in. square, which means that there are 36 tiles to each square yard of wall surface.

When estimating the number of tiles needed for a job, allow

for special corner tiles and fittings—for instance, soapholders and towel-rail holders.

Where an area obviously cannot be covered exactly by full tiles, allow a whole tile for each tile that must be cut to fit.

It's a good idea to order a

Decoration Feature

few extra tiles in any case, to allow for possible mishaps.

Basic tools needed for tile-fixing with special adhesive are a straightedge, spirit level, glass cutter, brace with special masonry drill, square, 3ft. rule, pincers, and notched spreader for the adhesive.

APPLYING ADHESIVE. There are two methods of applying the adhesive. The first is shown in Fig. 1, where the adhesive is spread over

the wall surface and levelled off with the notched spreader usually supplied with the adhesive.

On large jobs, a special trowel similar to that shown in Fig. 2 is handy.

The notched edges ensure a uniform thickness, and the ribbed finish it produces gives a good "bite" to the tiles.

Unlike the orthodox tile-fixing procedure, tiles fixed with adhesive should not be soaked in water beforehand.

The first important point is the condition of the wall. It must be dry, and perfectly flat, because the tiling will faithfully follow the contour of its surface.

It does not matter whether your wall is cement, plaster, brick, timber, wallboard, old glazed bricks, or metal. The special tile adhesives hold on practically any surface.

Walls which have been painted should be examined for signs of flaking or peeling of paint.

They should be rubbed

These pictures show some of the steps in preparing and fixing wall tiles. With the directions given above and on the opposite page they should enable the handyman to do the job with ease and speed.



FIG. 1: Spread adhesive over the wall surface and level it, as shown, with a special notched spreader.



FIG. 2: A special trowel, handy for big jobs.

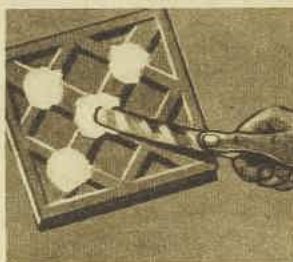


FIG. 3: The method of applying the adhesive to the back of a tile with a knife.

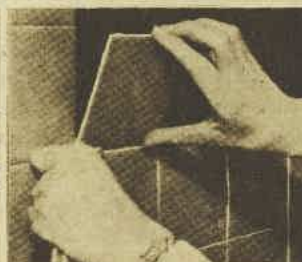


FIG. 4: Once the wall is correctly marked with pencil, tile is simply pushed into place.



FIG. 5: Use matches in joints to correct varying tile sizes.

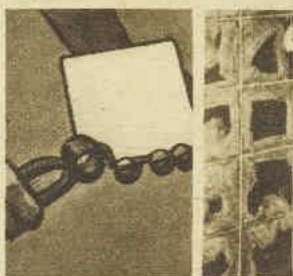


FIG. 6: Cutting half-circles to fit tiles around taps and pipes is done with sharp pincers.

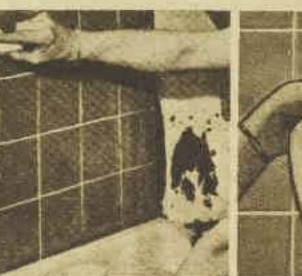


FIG. 7: Grouting cement is rubbed on the surface and into the joints of tiles with a damp cloth after the adhesive sets.



FIG. 8: Spread adhesive round the flange of a recessed soapholder and then press firmly into place.

IT'S NOW AN EASY JOB

down with a wire brush if any patches appear.

Where a painted surface has a glossy finish, rub it with coarse sandpaper to provide a more effective grip for the adhesive.

Use a straightedge and a spirit level when tiling to keep the lines of tiles level.

It is easiest to start the job from floor-level.

If the floor is uneven, nail a straight wooden lath at one tile-height from the highest point of the floor.

The tiles are then laid against the guide lath and, when the job is finished, the lath is removed and the bottom row filled in. Cut tiles where needed.

The second method of applying adhesive referred to earlier is demonstrated in Fig. 3.

With this method, small dabs of the adhesive are applied with a knife to the back of the tile.

Whichever method you use, the wall should first be marked with a pencil to suit the size of the tiles in use. The tiles are then simply pushed into place (see Fig. 4).

Good spacing

For uniform spacing, and also to correct any slight variations in tile size, insert matchsticks in the joints where necessary. The gaps that are left may be filled with "grouting" later. (See Fig. 5.)

Use a standard glass cutter for cutting tiles. Mark the line to be cut with pencil, then place the tile glazed face upwards on a solid surface.

Firmly score the surface of the tile along the line drawn with the glass cutter, using a straightedge as a guide.

Next place a matchstick under the tile in line with the cut, press both sides of the tile firmly, and it will break evenly along the cut.

To cut half-circles to fit tiles around taps and pipes, mark as before, then nip off small pieces with sharp pinners until the required shape is obtained (Fig. 6). Smooth off with a round file.

Any holes may be drilled with the special type of masonry drill that is used in the brace.

Once tiles are in place, the joints may be filled or "grouted."

This stage should be left for several hours until the adhesive has set. The grouting is white cement mixed to a fairly soft paste with water.

Splash the tile edges with clean water before applying the mixture. Rub grouting cement on to the surface and into joints with a damp cloth (Fig. 7). Clean surplus cement from the surface with dry, clean cloths.

In wooden frame buildings, recessed soapholders and other wall fittings are usually marked and the holes cut for them before tiling starts.

They are then fitted (as in Fig. 8) by spreading some adhesive around the flange and pressing the fitting firmly into place.

PLASTIC TILES. The method and fixing of plastic tiles is much the same as that for ceramics. However, plastic tiles may be cut with a



TILING over the sink is a must for the kitchen. Panels, as shown above, can be fixed into place simply.

hack-saw or shaped with a coping saw.

It is also advisable to check the directions thoroughly to see if any special brand of adhesive is needed for the job.

FIXING LOOSE TILES. Sometimes isolated tiles in a wall become loose and fall off. When this happens on work fixed with the standard cement mortar, the best procedure is to re-fix with the tile adhesive used for the work already described.

You simply brush away any loose dust from the recess, apply the adhesive to the back of the tile, and press it back into place.

Later on grout the joint to match the rest of the wall.



IN THE BATHROOM a tiled panel behind the washbasin is the answer to a lot of the splashing and steam that is encountered there. Modern tiles in beautiful pastel colors are decorative as well as useful.

HINTS FOR HOUSEHOLDERS

HERE are a few ideas that will help save time and work round the house.

- To keep ceramic tiles bright and clean, all you have to do is wipe them over regularly with a damp cloth.

- Unglazed tiles may be washed in warm soapy water, rinsed, dried, and polished. Clean glazed tiles with methylated spirit.

- Use metal polish on fixtures, and dust bases and legs of other fittings.

- Have a special nylon mitt handy to remove water marks round the bath, and train everyone in the family to use it immediately after they finish bathing. For the more stubborn marks, keep some cleaning - powder stored in an old talcum container.

- Bath-soap will last much longer if you cover one side

with silver paper. To apply, wet the soap and press the paper round it.

- Rust marks on the bath, usually found under the tap, can be removed with a hot solution of oxalic acid. Apply the acid with a soft cloth over the mark. Be careful not to spread it anywhere else as it may dull the porcelain finish. As the acid is very poisonous, it must be rinsed away completely.



Any time is IDEAL time for ICE CREAM

Feeding a family can be fun when you serve a treat they all want to eat! This is the weather for ice cream, something creamy, something special, something that satisfies all the family. Ice cream makes any meal a festival—especially when you make it yourself, whipped to your own taste with Nestlé's Ideal Milk.

Make it this EASY BREEZY way!

INGREDIENTS: One 12 oz. tin "Ideal" Evaporated Milk, 2 oz. sugar, 1 teaspoonful gelatine, 1-1½ teaspoonfuls vanilla essence. Place unopened tin of Nestlé's Ideal Milk in refrigerator overnight. 20 minutes before making, set control at maximum. When ready to make, add one tablespoonful of cold water to gelatine and allow to swell, then heat until dissolved, and cool. Open tin of Ideal Milk and pour contents into bowl. Add sugar and essence. Add dissolved and cooled gelatine. Whip until thick. With controls at maximum, place in freezing trays in refrigerator until frozen for serving.

NESTLÉ'S IDEAL FULL CREAM MILK



Ideal on fruit salads & pies!

Day-long freshness at a stroke of

Bac-STICK

imported DEODORANT

Gentle to your skin. Won't stain clothes. As easy to use as your lipstick.

AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE

6/11

File this
with your
other home
ideas!



Notice how Cane-ite walls are used to distinct advantage in this contemporary living room. Cane-ite's softly textured surface takes colour with desired effect and makes a perfect background for modern furnishings.

* IMPORTANT INFORMATION

If you are about to build — about to remodel — looking for more comfort in your home.

What is Cane-ite?



Cane-ite is a building board manufactured from cane fibre.

It is light in weight, and yet strong. Keeps out heat and cold, and absorbs harmful noise.

It does all these things because of the unique way in which it is constructed. The cane fibres interlace firmly to give high strength, but between them are locked millions of tiny air cells that act as a barrier to summer heat and winter cold. This special construction also helps Cane-ite absorb noise instead of increasing it as other wallboards do by bouncing it back and forth between the walls of a room.

Three types of Cane-ite Wallboard.

Cane-ite is the only building board that *insulates* as it *decorates*. It is particularly effective when used on a ceiling as a large proportion of summer heat gain and winter heat loss takes place through the roof of a house. For a ceiling you have your choice of standard Cane-ite (in natural buff colour), Primed Cane-ite—ready for painting, and pre-finished Ivory Cane-ite.

You can also get the benefit of Cane-ite insulation by applying Cane-ite as a sheathing all round the outside walls of your home, over the studs, but under the weatherboards or asbestos cement sheets. This way it is not seen but gives complete insulation. It's inexpensive, too — about £36 for Cane-ite to insulate a 10 square house.

How effective is Cane-ite insulation?

You'd be amazed! One half inch of Cane-ite forms as effective a barrier to heat as 8 inches of brick! And it does not absorb heat and emit it later as brick does.



Heat always moves toward cold. Therefore, Cane-ite insulation is as effective in the summer when heat is trying to get into your home, as it is in winter when heat you have carefully created is trying to escape into the cold outdoors.

Cane-ite insulation can make your home up to 15° cooler in the summer — warmer in winter.

Renovating an old home?

If you are renovating it is comparatively easy to insulate and decorate with Cane-ite walls and ceiling.

But if you are not making structural alterations, the best method of getting effective insulation against heat and cold is to use Cane-ite Ceiling Batts. These are short lengths of Cane-ite cut to fit be-

tween standard ceiling joists. You simply lay them end to end — no cutting or nailing is necessary. That makes it a quick, easy job—and it's inexpensive, too. You can insulate a 10' x 10' room for as little as £3.

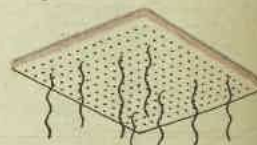


Help for noise sufferers.

Cane-ite itself absorbs harmful, unwanted noise, and a Cane-ite ceiling can often be sufficient in a normal room.

However, in specially noisy places like offices, factories, or open-plan homes there is something even better — Cane-ite Acousti-tile.

Into each 12 inch square tile are punched 484 holes, in a neat pattern. This perforated tile is backed with special Low Density Cane-ite. Harmful and distracting noise is trapped in these holes and the noise level is reduced by 65%.



Cane-ite underfoot, too.

Cane-ite Lino Base can add comfort to your floors, too — it is laid directly over floorboards and provides a smooth surface for the covering lino, felt or carpeting. Cane-ite Lino Base can add years of life to your floor coverings. It actually pays for itself.

Best of all Cane-ite Lino Base makes footsteps quieter, and prevents that "cold-floor" feeling in winter. Insulation again!

Which for you?

Well that's the range of Cane-ite products and their uses. Just a final note that all Cane-ite is white-ant proofed — and that means it won't harbour silverfish or moths when you use Cane-ite Lino Base.

You'll go far and fare far worse before you find a building board or insulation material that can out-point Cane-ite. Why not prove it worth yourself?



CANE-ITE

Other C.S.R. Building Materials: Timbrock Hardboard, Gyprock Plaster Wallboard, C.S.R. Floor Tiles, Vinylflex Floor Tiles, Fibrock Asbestos Cement Sidings, Flat Sheets, Corrugates and Accessories, De Luxe Fibrock, Concord and Brunswick Plasters, Ceilsound Plaster Acousti-tile.

a product of THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD., Building Materials Division

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CSR/58

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January '45, 1958

DESIGN FOR WOMEN



OUR HOME PLAN No. A618, shown above, is a practical design with special housewife appeal. Many variations can be made to the basic plan, designed for a 50ft. block.

This home plan is a housewife's delight

Our home plan this week has been designed specially for housewives, with emphasis on an easy-to-live-in kitchen, a separate playroom for children, wonderfully free living space, and lots of storage.

THIS practical, compact home of 10 squares is one of our Signature Home Plans, and was designed by Viwa M. Turner, a Sydney woman architect.

After 17 years as a housewife and mother, Mrs. Turner believes many attractive home plans have been the despair of women because the male designers have not realised what makes a home completely workable for a mother with a growing family.

Her plan, designed to meet a busy housewife's requirements and remain economical, can be bought, complete with specifications, for £7/7/- from our Home Planning Centres. Addresses are given below.

The focus of the whole design is the kitchen-playroom, which has the best aspect, and covers a large area for work and play.

The kitchen is U-shaped, which means fewer steps, less work, and no cross-traffic. All units are conveniently placed for smooth working.

Approximate costs of building the home would be:

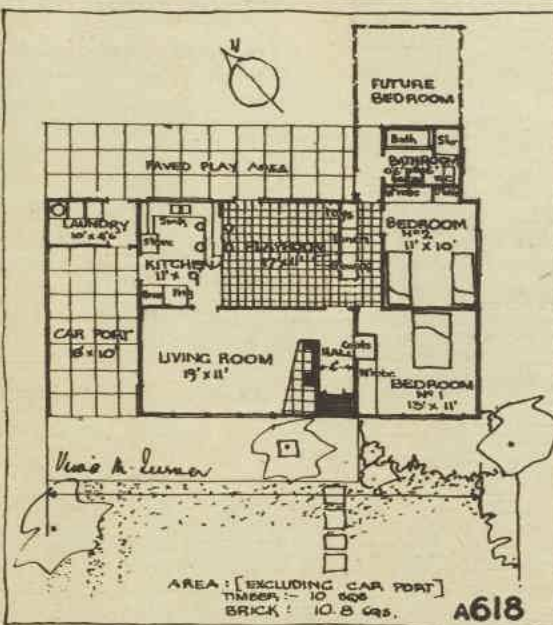
In New South Wales: Brick, £4675; brick veneer, £4250; timber, £3550; fibro, £3250.

In Victoria: Brick, £4200; brick veneer, £3825; timber, £3150; fibro, £3050.

In South Australia: Brick, £3400; asbestos, £3000.

In Queensland: Brick, £4675; timber, £3150; fibro, £3050.

If ordering this plan by



FLOOR LAYOUT of the two-bedroom plan, which has an allowance for adding a third bedroom later. Roof construction is a simple gable, with sufficient overhang to protect the house from glare. Carport is under main roof.

mail, please state proposed building and roofing materials, and what sewerage facilities are available in the area.

Our Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide,

and Brisbane, offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

● All standard plans published in The Australian Women's Weekly are available at the Centres simultaneously with publication.

● Hundreds of other standard plans are available from stock. All standard plans cost £7/7/- each, complete with specifications.

● Plans will be prepared to any individual design at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

Plans can also be ordered by mail from the Centres, enclosing fee. Addresses of the Centres are:

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (Third Floor), Brickfield Hill.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (Sixth Floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representative will be in attendance every Friday and Saturday at the Myer Emporium in Geelong to advise readers on home plans.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (Second Floor), The Valley, Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd. (Second Floor), Rundle St. Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.



THE KITCHEN-PLAYROOM, focus of the whole design, features a meals bar, which acts as a divider for the all-purpose utility room; from the kitchen, indoor and outdoor play areas are easily supervised. The storage wall in the playroom is a space-saver.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 15, 1958



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Illustrated: Hot water pot and sweet dish by Silcraft who recommend Silvo to clean, polish and protect your silverware.



The kitchen that does everything

● The kitchen that does everything but baby-sit (illustrated in color on these two pages) is a room that has been built in America. As yet nobody lives in this kitchen, but it's on display in that country and thousands of people will walk through it and wish they could own it. Meanwhile, some of the ideas could well be adapted to suit the needs of Australian home-builders.



THE BUFFET BAR

ENTERTAINING these days is more relaxed and food is often served on a come-and-get-it (or even come-and-cook-it) basis. That's why the buffet bar (above) is a design which we think tops all the snack-bars we've ever seen.

It can be screened from the dining-room during food preparation (right) and then opened for service.

Built into the counter is a two-burner gas unit that will cook, and/or keep warm, almost any main dish or vegetable you can dream up. (The thermostatic control on the burner really lets you forget boil-overs and scorching.)

And you don't need to fuss with chafing dishes and the like.

ABOUT THE KITCHEN

This surely must be the most versatile kitchen ever dreamed of.

- IT COOKS FOR YOU with all the set-it-forget-it features it's possible to muster in one kitchen. See the cooking corner opposite.
- IT SERVES TWO OR TWENTY either quick and casual meals or formal affairs with equal ease.
- IT STORES PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING, with emphasis on extras. No need to misplace or run out of anything in this kitchen. Details in storage and planning section.
- IT HELPS YOU RUN THE HOUSE from a desk all your own.
- IT KEEPS THE REST OF THE HOUSE CLEAN with a brand-new room called "The Clutter," which is described on opposite page.



COOKING CORNER

● Many meals now are of the freezer-to-oven-to-table variety that can be fixed at the buffet bar.

The heart of the kitchen is still this corner (right), where the more serious, more creative part of the cooking takes place.

Out of the traffic, with everything in arm's reach, it's a corner planned to cut work and walking, but not convenience.

Let's assume a party is in the making. In the freezer of the refrigerator is an always-full bin of ice semi-circles.

Take as many as you need to the buffet bar; the bin will then be automatically refilled. You never need to jiggle out ice cubes or refill trays.

If you are cooking meat sauce for spaghetti, seasonings are at hand on the open shelves, which can be simply adjusted. (The plastic tile wall includes brass shelf supports.)

Grind your meat with the electric grinder, chop onions in the blender, and simmer the sauce on a thermostatic burner.

Let the dishwasher do the cleaning up after dinner is over.



STORAGE AND PLANNING

● There is such a thing as too much storage in the area where you cook. Too many cabinets surrounding the range, sink, and refrigerator push work-centres apart and mean more steps.

So a storage wall was planned between kitchen and laundry, and a big storage cupboard for all the "extras" a family collects.

LEFT. In the shallow, peg-board-lined cupboard a complete assortment of beautiful brooms, mops, wax-appliers, and buffers can be hung. They come in every fashion color these days, and look really attractive.

CENTRE. There is almost 20 feet of shelf space for tinned goods, extra dishes, jugs, casseroles, or whatever isn't used every day. The cabinets are just a foot deep, so it's easy to find whatever's needed.

RIGHT. Here's a cupboard with possibilities. In houses where there are no basements or the equivalent, it becomes a utility room, with water heater, incinerator, access to a garage, etc. Shelves at right of the appliances are ideal for extra storage.

PLANNING H.Q. Most women we know would like a desk in the kitchen. This one takes centre stage.



Who could possibly feel like a drudge sitting in this tidy spot?

All the talk about pre-packaged and push-button living makes running a home sound so simple. And it is physically easier. But let no man think that the job doesn't take more of a business-head than ever.

Once the desk in the kitchen was merely the spot to phone in orders to the grocer and butcher. Now the woman who runs this desk needs to have on hand: appliance booklets, laundering directions for new materials, freezing in-

structions, and top-stove cooking temperatures.

Her larder must always be stocked with foods in great variety. She entertains more casually, but more often, and she has more family appointments, activities, and accounts to keep track of than her mother ever had.

She knows a desk like this can be an enormous help in keeping order in her busy life.

Then, should a friend drop in while she's working, the desk becomes a refreshment table, out of the way of work, and is the ideal place to serve coffee or a cool drink.

THE NEW 'CLUTTERY'

● Here's the prettiest "dirty" room you've ever seen! It's a back entry de-luxe, where everything comes clean: not just clothes and youngsters, but general family clutter, such as paint brushes, flower vases, picnic jugs, and shoes. Even the room itself is strikingly cleanable.

WASHER, dryer, and extra sink are what star in this room that can be called "The Cluttery." Nothing has to be trailed through the rest of the house.

Muddy play clothes can go right into the washer (or into the corner hamper between dryer and washer), and fresh ones can be supplied from the cabinets at the right.

There's also room in these tall utility cabinets for toys, sports equipment, jackets, and, at the top, cleaning supplies of all kinds. In front of these locker cabinets is a bench cabinet, perfect for footgear.

Anyone think steel cabinets are cold? All the soft yellow cabinets in both kitchen and Cluttery are made of steel,



with adjustable shelves, dividers, racks, and hooks for any item, plus the quietest doors you've ever closed.

A baked enamel "appliance finish," and rounded corners on shelves and in the drawers, make cleaning easy. And today this sunshiny yellow, as well as other colors, costs no more than white.

There was a real reason for putting a pattern of handsome, king-sized plastic wall tile at the end of the Cluttery. Aside from its gay look and easy cleaning, the wall provided shelf supports, just as in the kitchen.

With the stainless-steel sink along this wall and shelves for tools and containers, it's an obvious spot for house-plant and flower work.

Out of sight, but all-important, is a 40-gallon, fast-recovery, two-temperature gas water heater. All these words simply mean that there is plenty of hot water, day and night.

This feature has been made available to us exclusively in Australia by "Good Housekeeping" magazine.



Snap

OUT OF

SUMMER SAG

with

ICED MILO

Summer means more washing, more ironing—lots of other jobs that drain energy, leave you feeling listless and “saggy.” To get through the day’s routine with energy to spare to enjoy summer, try delicious, chocolate-flavoured, icy-cold Milo.

Iced Milo gives you instant “lift” as you sip it through a straw—mmm . . . delicious. Regular Iced Milo overcomes frayed nerves, irritability, that “saggy” feeling. That’s because Milo is a health drink containing essential minerals, calcium-rich milk and malted cereals fortified with the important Vitamins A, B, and D. Get the regular Iced Milo habit . . . see the difference it makes.



SO SIMPLE TO PREPARE!

Just add two teaspoons of Milo to a little warm milk, stir, and fill the glass with cold milk. If you like extra frosty Iced Milo, add an ice-cube, or (treat yourself!) a scoop of Ideal ice cream just before serving. And Milo is wonderful sprinkled on top of Ideal one-whip ice cream.

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TUNE IN EVERY WEEK TO

NESTLÉ'S BUNKHOUSE SHOW

Page 34

Prize dessert for summer

● **Jellied fruit loaf**, an ideal sweet for warm weather, wins the prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest for readers.

CUSTARD, fruit, and jelly are combined in this refrigerated dish in a way that should delight everyone and really start a chorus of requests for second helpings.

Consolation prizes of £1 have been awarded for two other recipes.

One is an unusual idea for cooking pork chops in a sauce mixture of tomato soup and ginger-ale. This gives a spicy flavor to the meat itself and forms a rich gravy. Another is for small crunch biscuits that could easily be served for morning or afternoon tea.

All spoon measurements are level.

JELLIED FRUIT LOAF

Three cups milk, 6 tablespoons sugar, 3 eggs, 2½ tablespoons gelatine softened in 4 tablespoons hot water, 1 packet jelly crystals prepared according to directions on packet, 1½ cups mixed fruits (tinned pineapple, papaw, peaches, bananas, passionfruit), ½ pint cream, cherries to decorate.

Prepare Custard: Place milk, sugar, and beaten eggs in top half of double saucepan. Stir over boiling water until mixture thickens and will coat a silver spoon. Remove from heat; cool slightly. Stir softened gelatins over hot water until dissolved, and gradually stir in cooled custard. Select two loaf-tins which will fit inside each other. Grease the inside of the large one and the outside surface of the smaller tin; place one inside the other. Pour a layer of custard into large tin; allow to set. Place a weight inside small tin, and pour more custard into large tin, allowing it to come up the sides, so forming a shell. Place in refrigerator to set.

Add chopped fruits to jelly, and when beginning to set and thicken remove small tin and fill centre cavity with fruited jelly. Return to refrigerator to set. Unmould on to serving dish and decorate with whipped cream and cherries. Serve in slices.

**First Prize of £5 to Mrs. V. Price, 38 Louisa Street, Gym-
pie, Qld.**

CHERRY WINKS

Three ounces butter or margarine, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, ½

teaspoon vanilla, 1½ cups plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup chopped dates, 2oz. drained cherries, 1½ cups crushed corn-flakes.

Cream butter or substitute and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat in thoroughly; add vanilla. Sift flour, baking powder, soda, and salt three times. Add to creamed mixture with dates and nuts; mix well. Shape dough into small balls, toss in cornflake crumbs, and place on to well-greased oven slides. Top each one with a piece of cherry. Bake in a moderate oven until lightly brown for approximately 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss E. Byrne, 34 Fitzroy St., Kirribilli, N.S.W.

APPLE-STUFFED PORK CHOPS

Six pork chops (cut double thickness), 1 large green apple, salt and pepper, 1 medium-sized tin tomato soup (approx. 10oz. size), ½ cup ginger-ale.

Cut a pocket in each chop with sharp-pointed knife. Fill pocket with thin slices of unpeeled apple. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Secure pocket opening with cocktail sticks, arrange in thickly greased baking-dish. Cover with a piece of greased paper and bake in moderate oven for half an hour. Mix together tomato soup and ginger-ale, pour over chops in baking-dish and continue baking 1 hour, basting frequently. Serve with vegetables in season.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Carr, 77 Enoggera Terrace, Red Hill, Brisbane.

READERS are invited to enter our popular recipe contest. Prizes are awarded each week for the best tested recipes containing readily available foodstuffs. Write clearly in ink, using level spoon measurements, and address your entries to Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

DRESSING BABY

By **SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse**

● The simple clothing now used to dress a baby is easy to make, and plain patterns can be prettied up as much as you like with embroidery trim.

THE essentials for hygienic baby clothes are that they should be non-constricting, porous, light, and warm. Long clothes should never be used, as they hamper baby's movements.

Make only the absolutely necessary garments, and see that all sleeves are either magyar or raglan to allow for the rapid growth of the first year.

A pretty and practical layette pattern, comprising 2 dresses, 2 nightgowns, 2 pairs of pilchers, a carrying coat, bonnet, matinee jacket, petticoat, cotton shirt, and rompers, is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price for set is 3/6.



FANCY MOULDS of various shapes can be used in place of the loaf-tin to give this jellied fruit loaf a gala appearance. See recipe for this and other prize dishes on this page.

FAMILY DISH

BAKED meat rolls provide this week's family dish, cost approximately 9/6, and serve five.

Two pounds topside steak (cut thinly), 1 chopped onion, 1 cup cooked spaghetti, 1 stalk celery, salt, pepper, 1 deserts-
spoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups chopped tomatoes.

Mix spaghetti with onion, celery, salt, pepper, and parsley. Spread on steak (cut into five pieces). Roll up and tie or skewer. Coat with flour; brown all over in hot fat. Place in baking-dish, add tomatoes, cover, and bake in moderate oven for 2 hours. Thicken gravy with remaining flour blended with little water. Serve hot with green peas and mashed potatoes.



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FOR LASTING BEAUTY

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 15, 1958



Easy help-yourself salad from **KRAFT**

—brings a friendly Continental touch to your mealtime

It's fun! And this Kraft salad is as informal as a Swedish Smorgasbord — where foods are set around the table, buffet style, and guests choose as they fancy.

All you do is place five of your prettiest bowls on a big wooden platter or tray. In the bowls, arrange in turn:

- tomato quarters.
- long fingers of golden Kraft Cheddar Cheese and ham, or cold meat.
- tender lettuce hearts or cole-slaw (that's shredded cabbage and Kraft Mayonnaise with strips of red pepper).
- paper thin slices of cucumber and radish.
- egg slices and cooked green beans.

In the centre of your platter you'll want creamy Kraft Mayonnaise.

Now — let everyone help themselves. Perhaps cole-slaw . . . cucumber . . . and certainly plenty of mellow Kraft Cheddar fingers.

Make your next salad this refreshing idea from Kraft — and give your family all the summer food values they need with delicious Kraft Cheddar.

A bargain in nutrition

Kraft Cheddar turns any salad into a balanced meal — because it takes a gallon of milk to make every pound of this famous cheese.



Kraft Cheddar is available in the familiar blue 8-oz. packet, in 1-oz. portions, the family-size 2-lb. pack or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf.

Kraft Old English for those who prefer a packaged cheese with a stronger flavour. Available in the red 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.



K Cheese is a wonderful food and **KRAFT** makes wonderful cheeses.

Hand-me-down Husband

[rom page 17]

wet earth, the red gold of new pear wood and the silvery green of old.

This was home; this was all that mattered. This she had loved, and still loved, and would have again. She had a right to stay home, to live as she wanted to. As good a right as Addie. Why hadn't the family ever been ambitious for Addie? Why had the pressure of their pride, their needs, their sacrifices always been on herself.

Addie couldn't sing and she wasn't awfully pretty, but she had the brains of the family. She was wonderful at mathematics. She could have succeeded in business or something—made a real career for herself, sound and enduring. Not a feeble little rocket burst that began and ended in nothing.

But Addie had been free to do as she pleased while they all concentrated on pushing Sylvia, making her into something she didn't want to be and couldn't be.

No matter. She had done her best for them, and it wasn't good enough. If they were disappointed she couldn't help it. But they needn't know till after the holidays.

And there was Wilbur Briggs. ("Such a nice boy.") Nice. Yes, that was the word for Wilbur. She was very fond of Wilbur. Somehow she'd never thought of marrying him. But she might. The family would like that. They wouldn't be nearly as disappointed in her if she married Wilbur.

A bird dipped from a pear branch, a fleecy cloud skimmed over the face of the sun. Sylvia stood on tiptoe, face to the sun, arms exultantly outstretched. It would all work out, it would be all right. No need to worry.

Addie said, "That's a nice pose. What is it, the victory goddess?"

Sylvia whirled, gasping, "Addie! Goodness, don't scare me like that! What are you doing here?"

"Hunting for you."

She came nearer, halting a dozen feet away, fists planted in the pockets of her faded slacks. Looking at Addie was like looking in a mirror—a bad mirror, badly lighted.

Addie's hair was a sort of nondescript pink, not a rich, glowing copper; her lashes and brows were pale, almost invisible, and her eyes were plain blue rather than violet. Her nose turned up a little too much, and she'd never tried to get rid of her freckles. Now she stared at her sister, her eyes unnaturally bright, challenging.

"Hunting for you—dear," she repeated. "Mr. Linnes saw you come up through the orchard. You might have said hello to him, mightn't you, even if he is the hired man?"

"Why, I—!" She paused. She had known this was coming from the moment she saw Addie at the airport. "All right, Addie. You're angry with me. Why? What have I done?"

"Why did you come home?" She tried to laugh. "That's a funny question. It's my home, isn't it? Naturally, I—"

"Oh, yes, it's your home. Absolutely. More than anyone else's. You're the queen around here, you don't have to tell me that. But why did you have to come back now, just now? Is it Wilbur? Did you suddenly realise you might lose Wilbur? Is that it?"

"Lose? Addie, what are you talking about?"

Addie's rough little hand flung out in a furious gesture. "Oh, stop it! Stop acting! I'm talking about Wilbur Briggs. He was in love with you, and you know it. For years he worshipped you; he never looked at anyone else. Until finally, after you went to New York, he began to forget. A little. He began to show a little interest in—in other girls. All right, in me, if you want to know! Only because I'm your sister—that's the only reason. But I don't care. I'm used to taking your leavings; I've done it all my life. I'm not proud."

"Addie, listen."

"You listen! You've always had everything, and I've had what was left. And that's fair enough, because you're beautiful and gifted, and I'm not. You had to have your chance. So now you're the great Sylvia Maple. I don't begrudge you that. I'm proud of your success. I should be, because I helped to make it possible. Didn't I? Didn't I?"

"Yes, Addie, you did. But—"

"All right. Just don't think I'm jealous of what you've had or what you've accomplished. That's not it. But you don't want Wilbur! You never cared a snap of your long, lovely, manicured fingers about him. He's not good enough for you—a nobody, a hick, a country newspaperman."

"But I love him. I'd be a good wife to him, too—a thousand times better than you'd ever be! And it would have worked out, if you'd let him—"

A hasty man drinks his tea with a fork.
—Chinese proverb.

alone. But you have to come back here, so beautiful and glamorous. The minute he saw you—And then grabbing him, hugging him, kissing him like you were lovers."

Her voice broke in a stricken wail. "Oh, Syl, how could you? How could you do this to me?"

She clung to Sylvia, her anger dissolved in a storm of weeping. Sylvia held her close, patting her shoulder, murmuring, "There, there," while her mind darted swiftly, weighing, considering, planning. "Addie, don't cry," she said. "It's all right. It will be all right."

For a moment in the orchard she had known the smell of pine woods, felt the sun on her face, seen a hawk circling into the pale sky. She had that to take with her, that instant of serenity.

She said, with sudden bright decision, "Addie, for pity's sake, stop it! It's all right, I tell you. You and Wilbur are perfect for each other, and he's just the person I want for a brother-in-law. And that's exactly what's he's going to be."

The bowed head shook from side to side. "No. He won't know I'm alive, now that he's seen you again."

"He won't see me for long. I'm getting out. The day after tomorrow."

"No, Syl! You can't! You said you'd stay at least a week, and—Syl, I'm sorry for what I said! I didn't mean it! Don't make me feel I'm driving you away!"

"Addie, you're not! I really should go, anyway. The fact is, there's a—a big thing cooking, and it might break any—"

To page 37

Grow your own kitchen herbs

● Parsley, thyme, marjoram, sage, and other kitchen herbs are indispensable in the good cook's kitchen.

IF space in the garden is available every housewife should try to plant a small plot of kitchen vegetables and herbs.

Even if the garden is a big one, with an extensive vegetable garden, it is still a good idea to have a small plot reserved for much-used herbs right outside the kitchen door.

In drought periods, when water is restricted, as it has been recently in New South Wales, the little garden can be cared for more easily.

The flat-dweller can grow fresh herbs in pots or containers, using a balcony or window-sill to give them sunlight and air.

There are hundreds of herbs. Listed here in alphabetical order are some of the better-known:

ANGELICA: This herb is used mainly for flavoring wine, for making a medicinal tea for colds, and for candying for confectionery. It can also be stewed alone or with rhubarb.

It needs a rich, medium-textured soil and does quite well in the open or at the back of a shady border.

Space 2½ ft. to 3 ft. between plants, as it grows to 4 ft. or 5 ft.

ANISE: This herb is often catalogued as *Pimpinella anisum*. It is very slow-growing from seed, should be spaced 8 in. apart, and requires a fairly light, dry, sandy, and well-drained soil.

Thin out plants, but do not transplant.

Leaves of anise are used for adding to salads and the seeds in bread, cakes, biscuits, confectionery, soup, for adding to many liquors, and general flavoring.

BASIL: There are from 50 to 60 species of basil, mostly coming from India.

The sweet basil is a small, green, bushy plant, 18 in. to 20 in. tall. The leaves have a clove-peppery taste, but at times flavors approaching those of liquorice or lemon are noticeable.

Seed (sow in spring) germinates in 4 to 5 days.

Needs a light, dry, well-

drained medium-rich soil. A second crop can be obtained if the leaves are cut halfway to the ground.

The purple-leaved variety (*Ocimum crispum*) has a stronger taste than sweet basil. These are the two most used here, and mainly for flavoring soups, stews, egg or tomato dishes, chopped meat, or in sauce for fish.

CARAWAY (*Carum carvi*) is grown from seed. Needs a light, dry soil, in full sun.

Being a biennial, it will not produce a crop the first season. Grows to 12 in.

Caraway is much used in bread, cake, biscuit, apple-pie, German and Hungarian cabbage soups, goulash, in spiced meats, confectionery, and for flavoring medicine. The leaves are used in salads and boiled in soups.

CHIVES: These miniature, onion-like plants have all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the stronger-flavored onion. Grown best from division of the root clumps. Often used for edging flowerbeds, but should not be allowed to go to seed or it becomes troublesome.

Needs average, light, or medium soil in sunny places. Cut fairly short to the ground and then enrich the soil afterwards with old manure or fertiliser.

The leaves only are used in sandwiches, soups, salads, adding to mashed potatoes, omelets, and cream cheese.

FENNEL: There are several varieties, one of the tastiest being *Foeniculum vulgare*, the stalks of which are used like celery.

The bulbous roots of several of this family are eaten raw or boiled. The leaves are used for fish sauce, garnishing, soup, salad, in soft cheese, spiced meats. Seed can be used in puddings, soup, cake, sauerkraut, confectionery, and perfume.

Plants will not withstand transplanting and seed should be sown where plants are to remain.

A weedy subject, very much inclined to get out of hand. Sow 12 in. apart in almost any

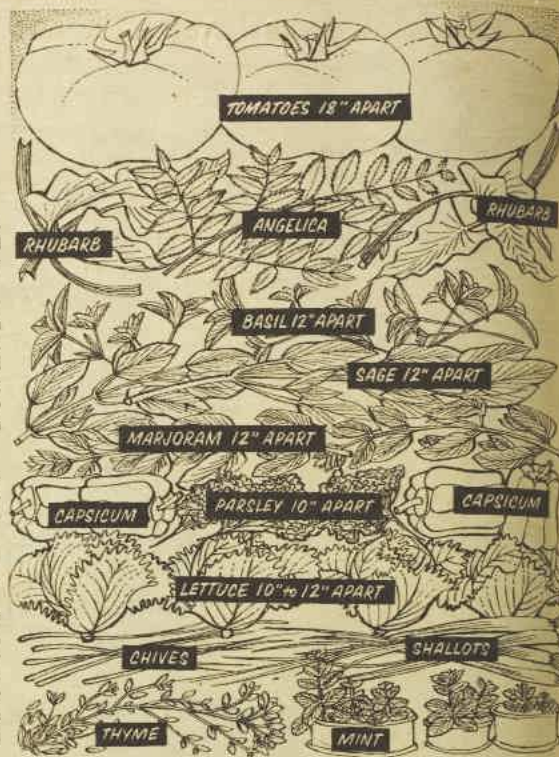


DIAGRAM of a kitchen garden showing the varieties of garden greens and herbs which can be grown in a small space. By richly feeding the ground, new plants can be sown as soon as the others are finished.

soil. Will grow to 8 ft. or more in heavy soils.

MARJORAM: There are four useful marjorams, and all are perennials. The sweet marjoram is most fragrant, but the pot marjoram is the one generally used for culinary purposes.

Grow from seed sown in spring or from cuttings taken in spring.

Grows to a leafy bush about 18 in. high. Needs a light, medium-rich, limy soil, in full sunlight.

Used in vinegar, soup, dressings, meat pie, cheese, roasts, salad, egg dishes, or in white sauce for fish. Is very strong and should be used sparingly when mixed with thyme, sage, and other herbs.

MINT: There are 30 or more types of mint and all are grown for cooking, household, or medicinal purposes.

They are mostly rampant growers and should be grown in perforated tins buried to their rims in the soil to keep them under control.

Does well in any sort of soil. Used for sauce-making, adding flavor to new potatoes, with pineapple, for chewing-gum, soaps, toilet waters, con-

fectionery, fruit cup, teas, and for french salad dressing.

Mints include spearmint, curly mint, orange mint, apple mint, Bergamot, Chartreuse, and water mints.

PARSLEY: Like mint, sage, and thyme, parsley is grown everywhere and for many purposes, mostly for garnishing and flavoring soups, stews, creamed vegetables, salads, cold-meat dishes; also medicinally.

Sown from seed in medium-rich semi-shady or shady places. Does well in any medium-rich soil that is well-drained and has been deeply dug.

Does not transplant satisfactorily, but with care can be moved.

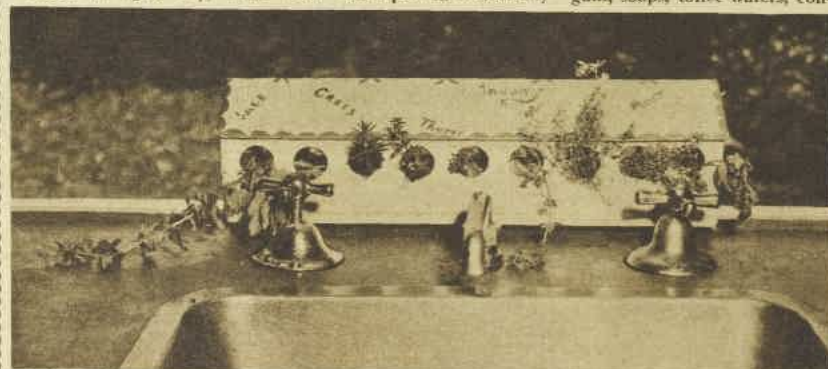
SAGE: Several varieties are used in cooking and industry. Raised from seed. Some varieties, such as Clary sage, grow to 4 ft. or more. Garden sage is a dwarf, bushy little plant. This can be raised from cuttings or seed.

Sages require well-drained sandy soil with some lime and full sunlight.

Used for flavoring wine, poultry seasoning, sausage and pork dishes, soft cheese, or can be used as a dentifrice, or smoked like tobacco.

THYME: There are innumerable varieties of thyme, many being used for drying and adding to other herbs for flavoring poultry and meats, in sauces for meat and fish, in vinegar with other herbs, in cocktails, jellies, croquettes, pork, veal, in soups or chowders with onion, in cheese, carrots, peas, in sachets, and perfumes, teas, and gargles.

All varieties are raised from seed or by layering. They require light, sandy, limy, and well-drained soil in raised beds. Some thymes form mats; these like to climb over rocks, preferring slopes.



HERBS grown above the kitchen sink by Mrs. D. Hinwood, of Turramurra, N.S.W., in vermiculite, a blown-up form of mica, which retains moisture but has no nourishment. If fed lightly with sulphate of ammonia or a complete fertiliser it will grow herbs.



"Same as the last three times—the bees make honey and the birds lay eggs, and then he fades off to fill that pipe of his."



"Let's put a lovely big red circle around the date you go back to school!"

It seems to me

THE changing pattern of domestic life was illustrated a few weeks ago when the University of Michigan, U.S.A., asked 2000 girls what they wanted to be when they grew up.

Of these 2000 girls, aged between 11 and 18, 94 per cent. said they expected to get married some day, but only three per cent. wanted to be housewives.

So many wives now go out to work that the home with two breadwinners will soon be regarded as ideal. There are still a lot of people who don't think that it IS ideal. And it is very difficult for a woman with children to do a good job inside and outside the home.

Naturally there are circumstances which make it essential for a mother to go out to work. And some jobs are relatively undemanding, though these are seldom well-paid.

I am aware that highly efficient women can lay down timetables and keep them; that all kinds of labor-saving devices lighten housework. But there is no labor-saving device to replace the prime function of a mother—which is, always to be there when wanted.

Sometimes mothers find this role rather boring. But, as most of them will admit, it is both their cross and their reward.

ONE of the things that put me on the soap-box of the previous paragraph was a discussion at a recent party.

During the evening two women, at separate times, made the same remark: "Of course I'm only a housewife."

It happened that there were also present a couple of women who are euphemistically termed "career women."

One of them (I think her feet were hurting after a hard day at the office) turned like a wasp on the second speaker, asking: "And what, pray, is wrong with being a housewife?"

One remark led to another. The dames divided into two factions, each hurling at the other reproaches for being dissatisfied with their respective lots.

Then the hostess, playing one of the many roles of the accomplished housewife, created a diversion by bringing in food and changed the subject to the common ground of new fashions.

Eventually amity was restored and everyone went home thinking about the color of grass on the other side of fences.

ANOTHER sidelight on the changing domestic pattern: Men, if not watched, become authorities on the jobs done by machines, such as washing.

Staying with friends a while back, I offered to do the washing, and called to the wife: "Will I use some of this bleaching stuff?"

From the distance came the husband's voice: "Three tablespoons."

The wife put her head round the laundry door, winked, and whispered: "Just tip up the bottle. YOU can guess it. So can I. HE likes to go by the instruction book."



Dorothy Drann

By **THAT** British inquiry into the supposed leakage of information on the rise in the bank rate has provided entertaining evidence.

Some British Labor members believed that foreknowledge of the rise enabled certain people to make a quick million.

Financier witnesses gave evidence explaining that they were able to keep their mind divided into two compartments. The compartment that watched their private affairs paid no attention to Government policy, kept locked away in the other compartment.

The witness who interested me most was one Miss Dorothy Campbell.

She admitted that on September 18 at a Mayfair cocktail party she told guests that the bank rate would rise next day.

However, she said she didn't really know it would. She just made the remark because she couldn't think of anything to say.

I don't know how old Miss Campbell is. To be worried because she couldn't think of anything to say makes her sound young.

Older women know that it is more endearing to listen than to speak.

Yet the choice of the bank rate as an opening gambit of conversation suggests she is mature.

At many cocktail parties a remark of this kind would bring the utterer more attention than if she removed her clothes and did a fan dance.

And there is a moral for girls who find themselves outclassed by superior beauty and sex appeal. Ferret out news of some still-secret merger and mention it in the hearing of businessmen.

Or read the financial pages and invent something. This second plan is safer. It's not so likely to land you in a court of inquiry. Unless you're clairvoyant. Maybe Miss Campbell was.

RACING note: A Jackpot Tote winner at Randwick, Sydney, won £5200 for 5/-.

If she had bet all-up at starting price and picked another winner, stated one newspaper account, she would have won £72 158.

Exactly. And if I had put £5000 instead of 10/- on last year's Melbourne Cup winner I could have retired.

STRETCHED on the sand, minds closed, sunbakers lie Gazing, uncomprehending, at the sky. This is the real world, and the other seems compounded of man's wild, disordered dreams.

Green combers crash and thunder endlessly.

The bathers, washed by all eternity, Filled with delight at sun and sparkling spray,

Know no tomorrow and no yesterday.

Continuing . . .

Hand-me-down Husband

from page 36

time. If I'm not right there on the spot I might miss on it, don't you see?"

"Honestly, Syl? You're not just saying that?"

"Dear, of course not!" — laughing brightly; crossing her fingers. (Great performance, Miss Maple. Why can't you do as well in front of the cameras?) "As a matter of fact, I'm expecting a wire from my agent at any moment. Meanwhile, though, we've got two days to work on Mr. Wilbur Briggs. And on you, dear."

"Me?"

"You. You're really a beautiful girl, Addie, if you'd give yourself a chance. . . Yes, you are! Don't argue; I know what I'm talking about. I'm the expert, remember. The first thing, we're going into town. Now, right away. Hurry!"

Hurry and hurry. The world contrived against her, multiplying delays and frustrations. The streets of Gold Creek were packed with slow-moving cars; they were forever finding a place to park. The sidewalks were crowded with shoppers, and out of the crowd came faces, familiar but nameless, lighting with pleasure at sight of Sylvia.

"Why it's Sylvia! Yoo-hoo. Syl! My, it's good to see you! How are you? How does it seem to be home? How do you like New York? How does it feel to be a television star?"

Over and over, unending. They were dear, kindly people and she loved them, but she must hurry. Hurry to the beauty parlor—and here fame brought advantage, for the manager agreed to "work Addie in somehow" since Sylvia asked it — hurry to a telephone.

She chose the phone in the parking lot next to Schram's drugstore; less chance there of being overheard. . . Edward Aiken, yes. A-i-k-e-n. Lackawanna 4-8628.

The sun beat down, the booth was stifling, the minutes dragged by. . . He wasn't in his office. "Operator, I've got to reach him, it's terribly important. Doesn't his secretary know where to call him?"

"One moment, please."

A moment, an hour, an age. And at last Eddie's voice, impatient, blurred by music: "Hello? Hello?"

"Hello, Eddie? This is Sylvia!"

"Who? I can't hear you . . . Hey, somebody shut that door! . . . Hello? Who's calling?"

"Eddie, this is Sylvia!"

"I'm sorry, I can't—Oh, Syl! His voice warning suddenly, but cautious, too. On guard. "How are you, honey? Did you get home all right?"

"Eddie, listen. I called you — I want you to do me a favor. I want you to send me a telegram."

"A what? Syl, I can hardly hear you. Did you say 'telegram'?"

"Yes. Yes, I —"

"Look, I'm afraid there's been some mistake. I haven't sent any telegram."

"I know, Eddie. I want you to send me one! That's why I called. Eddie, I can't explain now, but will you please send me a wire right away, telling me to come back to New York? Put in something about a contract. Anything. Just give me an excuse to get away."

"Oh . . . Oh, I see. Well, look, Syl, I wouldn't fool you. There isn't a thing in sight for you just now. I mean, but nothing. Not so much as a fill-in date in a night-club."

"Eddie, I don't care. I'm not asking for any engagement; I don't want one. Offer me ten weeks with Berle, at any price, I'll turn it down. Listen, Eddie,

I'm through, I'm getting out of show business, don't you understand? All I want is a front to get me out of here. Do this for me, Eddie, and I promise I'll never bother you again."

There was a pause. Eddie said, "Baby, stop bouncing. Calm down and give me that again. On the level, you're quitting the racket? You're through with singing?"

"Yes, Eddie. Through, absolutely. In church I'll sing; in the kitchen, the shower. Nowhere else. Never. So help me. I'm not even coming to New York."

"You're not? Where are you going?"

"I—I don't know yet. I haven't —"

"Are you getting married? Listen, Syl, has some bush-

to her sister's instructions. A change had come over Addie. Part of the change derived from the beauty parlor, part from Sylvia's skill with mascara and make-up, and part from her gown, a shimmering green affair.

But by far the greatest change was within herself. Addie still was not really beautiful, but she believed she was beautiful. That makes all the difference.

"—so now," Sylvia said briskly, "it's after dinner. We're in the living-room. Here, pretend the bed is the davenport. You sit beside me."

Addie sat self-consciously. Sylvia surveyed her with a keen directorial eye. "Hands in your lap, feet together. Bend your head a little—so. Now smile. . . Not a grin, dear; a smile. The Mona Lisa effect . . . Perfect! Now, that's all you have to do, honey—sit and look demure and lovely. Except now and then glance over at Wilbur. He's there, by the bureau. . . No, dear, not so fast. He must see you look at him. Move your eyes first, then turn your head—slowly—and your eyes get larger and larger while you count one, two, three."

Addie covered her face with her hands, giggling helplessly. "Syl, I'll laugh, I know I will! I feel like a perfect fool!"

"Of course you do, dear," Sylvia said calmly. She had exchanged the scissors for needle and thread, and was hastily hemming the bodice. "This is hundred-proof, Grade-A corn we're dishing out—and where would the human race be without it? It works, that's the important thing. Here, help me into this."

With Addie's assistance, she fought her way into the evening gown which made Addie gasp almost in horror at its glamorous cut.

"All right, let's go back. We're on the bed—the davenport, that is. And I'll be talking. Addie, I warn you, it will be pretty awful. Something like this: 'and on our way we picked up Dagmar and her party. Dagmar? Why, you know—Dagmar! A lovely girl, perfectly charming. So we all went to Twenty-one, and Tallulah was there with Margaret and Jimmy, and of course they insisted we join them, and—'

Here the rehearsal was interrupted by their mother, calling from downstairs, "Girls! Girls, where are you? A car just drove in. I think it's Wilbur, and the table's not even set! Can't one of you help me?"

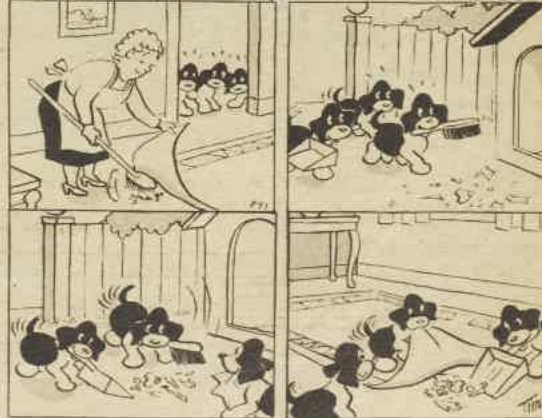
Sylvia sprang to her feet. "Be right down, Mother! You run on, dear; I'll be with you in a minute."

To page 38

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM





Jatz have the tang which brings out the full rich flavour of Strawberry Conserve or any fine quality jam.

Arnott's
famous
JATZ
Biscuits



There is no Substitute for Quality.

Continuing . . .

Hand-me-down Husband

from page 37

you in a few minutes. And remember, when you get him in the hall — You left the mistletoe hanging up from the Christmas party, didn't you? Good! And when you're right under it, you stumble a little and catch his arm, like this — Oh, never mind; you'll do it when the time comes. Go open the door for him, before Mother does. Hurry!"

Alone, she bent before the mirror, squaring her mouth with a singularly gaudy shade of lipstick. It is a far, far better thing that I do now — Who said that? Sydney Something. On the guillotine, lucky fellow. The knife fell and Sydney's troubles were over; he didn't have to go on and on, lying and lying and lying.

The telephone rang. It rang. All morning long it kept ringing and on through the afternoon. But never a voice said, "We have a telegram for Miss Sylvia Hackett." He had failed her. Eddie had promised, but nothing happened. But the wires were crowded at holiday time; the message had been delayed. But why didn't it come?

"Syl, he kissed me! He does know I'm alive. He asked me to go to the ball with him! Oh, Syl, it worked! You're so wonderful! I'm so happy!"

It worked. She's happy. Hold the thought: Eddie is happy. Let that be your reward. And make the most of it, because you're through here. You can come home for short visits, now and again. Nothing more. Because your sister adores you, but she knows how the game was played and she will never trust Wilbur with you. Never. Oh, bother Wilbur. Why doesn't the wire come? Eddie promised. He said I'd hear from him. Eddie, Eddie, get me out of here.

The phone rang. "Sylvia? Yes, she's here . . . Sylvia!"

"Hello? . . . Oh, Mrs. Osborne. Oh, how are you, Mrs. Osborne? So nice to hear your voice . . . Oh, being home is wonderful . . . New York is wonderful . . . You're too kind. I'm not really a — What, Tuesday night? I'd love to, Mrs. Osborne, if I'm here. I may have to leave before . . . I hope not, too. I'll let you know. And thank you for asking me. Goodbye!"

A car had come in. Someone was at the front door talking to Mother. The voice, deep and rich and kind, warm with laughter. It couldn't be Eddie. It couldn't possibly be Eddie Aiken.

"— Sylvia's mother? I'm awfully happy to meet you, Mrs. Hackett. Syl's told me so much about you I —"

"Eddie!"

"Oh, hello, honey. How's my girl?"

"Eddie, you — you're not real!"

"You think so? Try me . . . How's that for real?"

"Eddie, put me down! Oh, Eddie, I — I must be crazy! Was it yesterday I called you in New York?"

"Sure, baby. But they got a thing now they call aeroplanes. So I was sitting there feeling lonesome for a real old-fashioned farm Christmas, and a guy calls up for me to cancel his plane reservation to San Francisco. So I made a bet with myself: the Hackett family would invite me to dinner if I walked in the front door. And besides," he added casually, "I had to see you, Syl. There's a big deal come up. Matter of a long-term contract."

He winked solemnly. She stared at him in horror, feeling her face grow scarlet. A telegram was one thing, but to have him here listening to her lies, laughing at her pretensions — Oh, no! He couldn't. She couldn't bear it.

Her mother was twittering excitedly. "Give me your coat, Mr. Aiken, and you and Sylvie go right in by the fire while I fix a nice hot drink."

"Fine, fine! Thanks, Mrs. Hackett. Come along, Syl." She followed him helplessly. He stood before the big stone fireplace, rubbing his hands, grinning around the room. Looking so pleased with himself, the big lug.

She said, "All right, Eddie. Why?"

"This room," he continued, ignoring her. "I love it. A room people live in. When I build a house — By the way, did I ever tell you about my place in Connecticut? Five acres. On a hillside, trees all around — looks a lot like this country. Beautiful. I'm going to build there as soon —"

She stamped her foot at him. "Eddie, stop it! Answer me! Why did you come here? Was it worth all the time and expense just to make a fool of me? Why couldn't you send a wire, as I asked?"

"Well, a wire." He rubbed his long jaw thoughtfully. "This deal — it's too complicated to put in a wire. Too many angles. It's a thing we have to

talk over in person. Face to face."

"You're mean," she said dully. "I never thought you were mean, Eddie. I never thought you'd do a mean thing like making fun of me."

She turned from him and went to the window, staring blindly at the red winter sunset, the black pines silhouetted against the sky. He followed her. His hands were on her shoulders, the strong fingers pressing her shoulders. "Honey, who's making fun? Not me! Believe me, this is straight . . . Tell me; you meant what you said yesterday? You're finished with show business?"

"You know I meant it," she said wearily. "You know what I am — a dime-a-dozen canary who was lucky for a while, and then tried to hang on. It's not worth it, Eddie. I'm all through."

"Good! So now let's talk about this contract."

"Eddie, I just told you —"

"I know. But listen. You know how it is with an agent? In business hours he's always with talent. With boys and girls who are eager — pushing him for tryouts, for bookings, for contracts. Always trying to impress him, putting on the old act, wanting him to believe they're really got it, they're the best. You can't blame them. But — it's monotonous, you know what I mean?"

"Yes, I guess it would be."

"Sure. For business, all right. But for home, no. Not from the wife, too. It's too much." The fingers tightened. "I've loved you a long time, Syl. You. Not the thrush named Sylvia Maple. So I waited for her to wind up the career thing and give up and go home."

Her mother came from the kitchen, bearing a tray, chattering breathlessly. Neither one heard her. She looked at the two by the window, bit off a word in the middle, and went away.

Eddie said, "This contract, Sylvia. It's for you. A lifetime deal. Not much dough at the start, but it will get better. You'll be playing away out in the sticks. Strictly a one-man audience, for a year or so anyway. Later on, it might build up a little. How about it, Syl? Think you'd be interested?"

"I th-think so, Eddie. Oh, yes, I think so. Tell me more."

"I will," said Eddie. "Look, come on over on this love seat. We'll talk about it the way I said. Face to face."

(Copyright)

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POSTAGE

PAID

SYDNEY

Here's your answer

● With the New Year only a week old, the problems are rolling in thick and fast, but for once problems of the heart seemed to have taken second place to those of appearance.

HERE'S the first letter I opened:

"Could you suggest a diet for me, as I am rather thin and would like to gain weight? If it is not possible for you to do this, could you tell me the fattening foods? I am 14 years and weigh 7st. 5lb. and am 5ft. 6in. tall."

"Thin Teen," W.A.

It is very easy to put on weight and I have a simple recipe for you. It is: eat more, which always seems to be the hardest thing in the world for thin people to do.

If you would like to add a pound a week to your weight, you should, in addition to the food you are eating now, have a chocolate malted milk each day. If you could have one morning and afternoon you would do even better.

If you do not like milk-shakes or live where you cannot get them, try cutting down on the liquids you drink, such as water, tea, and coffee, and substituting lemonade, lemon squashes, or other fruit drinks instead. Also substitute solid food for any salads or fruit you may eat. By solid

food I mean cakes, pastry and buns, meat pies, and so on.

Dieticians tell me that a girl of your age and height should weigh approximately 8st. 5lb. if you have a medium-sized frame; up to 9st. if you have a heavy frame; and around 8st. if you have a light frame, so that whatever your build you definitely need extra weight.

"I AM 14½ and have a silly problem which I hope you will help me with. I have a moustache. My mother says that no one can see it, but I

feel sure they can, as I notice it myself in a mirror. One of my friends has referred to it twice, and I am at the stage where I can't have a conversation without wondering if the other person is noticing it. Once I made the mistake of cutting it, and it has grown thicker than ever. I have also used peroxide on it, but that only gives me a whitish tinge round the mouth. Naturally, I could not afford to go to a professional hair-remover. I can't bear to think that I might have to wait a few years to have it removed.

"Little Mo," N.S.W.

For 7/6 you can have your moustache removed easily and painlessly with depilatory wax. Any beauty salon will do it, the separate ones or those in the big department stores.

The waxing removes all trace of the hairs, and lasts for almost three months.

After you've had it done professionally a couple of times and watched how to do it, you can buy some wax for yourself (the whole outfit costs about £1) and do it yourself. (A warning: Don't try to do it yourself first off.) I think you should have it done, and quickly, because nothing is worse than thinking everyone is noticing it. They're not, of course, but everyone who becomes conscious of their upper-lip hairs believes firmly that they are all anyone sees.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



A word from Debbie . . .

NATO has more than one meaning these days. As a romantic term it means the situation is still undecided — No Action, Talk Only!

● American teenagers have some more cute ideas. Perfumed ink is another latest thing — just add scent to the ink before you write your letters. It's colossal — expensive, too.

● "Dirt Desserts" are party surprises there now. Buy a flower-pot, fill it with ice-cream, cover it with chocolate sprinkles, and top it with a fresh flower, and you have an up-to-the-minute "Dirt Dessert."

"RECENTLY a boy asked me to go to the pictures with him, but I refused because I am only 14. But this started me thinking that before long I may be allowed to accept such invitations, and wonder what will I do, because sometimes I cry at sad pictures. This is all right when I am with my family or with girl-friends, but what would a boy think? Would he think I was stupid or sympathetic? I only cry to myself, I don't sob and sigh, but afterwards my eyes are red."

"Tears," N.S.W.

I don't think crying in the pictures matters as long as you continue this silent "into-yourself" type. Boys become just as emotional over sad pictures as girls, but don't show it. I think they'd appreciate the way you felt, but would be quite likely to tell you you were silly, as public emotion is something men simply can't stand.

You'll find you'll have no trouble, though; the older you get the better you'll be able to cope with such situations. One thing, though — always have a hanky handy, don't have to grope.

"ONE of my girl-friends is 12 and she is allowed to go out with boys to dances, pictures, and swimming. Well, I am 13½ and I was asked to go to a dance with a boy, but I did not accept, knowing my mother would not let me go with a boy because I am too young. Do you think I am too young or my girl-friend is going on with silliness?"

M.C., N.S.W.

I think you are too young, but I don't think your girl-friend is silly — I think it is strange that her mother allows her to go.

It is only natural to want to go out when you are asked, but at your age you don't realise, as your mother does, that going out alone is not a pleasure, it is an ordeal. Your entire enjoyment is swamped by the worries that crowd in — what to talk about, whether he'll try to kiss you, whether you dance properly. I think outings with your own crowd on picnics, swimming, etc., are much more fun at your age than outings with a boy.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

THE old saying that jazz was born in sin is not entirely true. Certainly it was nurtured in the steamy atmosphere of the underworld in New Orleans, but its real origins are further back with the work songs of the negro slaves and the fervent spirituals in which they found release from their daily woes.

VETERAN trombonist Jack Teagarden says he has always wanted to record an album of spirituals, and now he fulfils his wish with the 12-inch LP "Swing Low, Sweet Spiritual" on W.820. He tells us that he has been listening to this type of music ever since he was a child. There was a revival tent near his home and the inspiring hallelujah beat of the

spirituals would boom out on hot summer evenings.

This disc, which contains 12 tracks, gives you some really wonderful jazz, and most definitely deserves a niche in any jazz-collector's cupboard. When Jack plays and sings — his voice has always been one of the most original on disc — the music swings just the way it has to. Some bounce, some of them roll, and others just amble along.

You'll hear "Shadrack," "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho," "Ezekiel Saw the Wheel," and half a dozen others, all brought to new life by the straight-from-the-heart Teagarden artistry.

I DON'T mind admitting that very often I find the encores given by a concert pianist more entertaining than the main works in the recital. That's why I enjoyed Leonard Pennario's "Concert Piano Encores" (P.8338) so much. He's a top pianist and the disc is a genuine hi-fi job.

This 12-inch presents an Etude and a Nocturne by Chopin, the seldom-heard "Reverie" and "La Plus Que Lente" of Debussy, Liszt's 6th Hungarian Rhapsody, Schumann's "Traumerei," Rachmaninoff's "Polichinelle," Brahms' "Waltz in A Flat," and finally a thrilling interpretation of that splendid old war-horse Johann Strauss' "Emperor Waltz."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

Beat-the-clock cookery! Time yourself on this

"5-MINUTE" Tea Cake

MADE WITH Sunshine full cream powdered milk



Grease two 7" sandwich tins.

Take 30 seconds

Put two level tablespoons of butter in a cup, and place the cup in a saucepan of hot water on the stove.

Take 60 seconds

Sift 1½ cups of s.r. flour into a bowl with one heaped dessertspoon "Sunshine" Powdered Milk, a pinch of salt and ½ cup sugar. Take 60 sec.

You've only spent 5 minutes, and the mixture is ready to pour into two greased pans and put in the oven. Cook at 400° (Electricity) or 350° (Gas) for 20 minutes. When cold, join with jam, and ice. Or, if preferred, sprinkle top with sugar and cinnamon and serve hot, in buttered slices.

Of course the time-saving secret is the use of "Sunshine" Powdered Milk dry so that the teacake is actually mixed with water. "Sunshine" can be used dry in many recipes — but whether you use "Sunshine" dry or mixed with water, "Sunshine" gives you a full quota of rich, dairy-milk goodness.

Take 2 minutes

Take melted butter off stove, break one egg into cup and fill cup with cold water. Beat slightly with fork. Take 30 seconds Pour mixture into well in centre of flour, sugar and "Sunshine" milk mixture. Beat for just under two minutes.

Take 2 minutes

Take 2 minutes

Take 2 minutes

Take 2 minutes

Take 2 minutes

Take 2 minutes

Take 2 minutes

Take 2 minutes

Take 2 minutes

Take 2 minutes

Summer sewing from a pattern



4769.—Pretty one-piece dress (left) becomes an ensemble in the easy way — with a matching jacket. The dress is sleeveless, and features one of the new — again



bateau necklines. The skirt has all-round gathers, and the short-cut jacket is self-material bound. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5 yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

● The clothes shown on these pages offer some of the best ideas in simple summer fashions. Note that one dress has its own jacket. Paper patterns are available in stock sizes, and each pattern has its own instruction chart, with drafting and sewing details.

Patterns may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. Address mail orders, including New Zealand and Tasmanian orders, to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



4768. — Fresh way (right) to use printed cotton — with a two-color accent. The dress is made in one piece and narrowly self-belted. A double bind outlines the neckline and short sleeves and runs down the centre-front of the dress to the hemline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. material for each bind. Price 4/-.



4768

4765.—Belted one-piece (left) has a flattering shape for the girl who likes to accent her waistline. The bodice-top has a cool, square-cut neckline. The tiny sleeves are self-banded to match the tailored band on the bodice-front. The skirt is made with unpressed pleats. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.





4763. — Easy sack suit (above) has a sleeveless top and slotted self-material belt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

4764. — Another new-look design (above right), a one-piece dress with a bloused top. This one is pocket- and button-trimmed, finished with high-to-the-throat, collarless neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust, requires 4½yds. 36in. striped material and ½yd. (for sash) 36in. plain material. Price 4/-.

4767. — Teenage dress (right) designed with a cool low-cut bodice-top finished with shoe-string shoulder ties. A crushed self-material belt accents the waist, the skirt is full. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



4766. — Smart day-to-day one-piece dress (above) has a collarless scooped-out neckline, brief sleeves, and a front-button fastening. The design is accented with pink buttons and a pink belt to match the narrow stripe in the cotton. This type of simple-to-make dress is one of the top sellers in summer fashion. Sizes 32 to 40in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

present Lord Edgware and Miss . . . she looked up inquiringly.

"Miss Tonia Vandare," Lord Edgware supplied, coloring slightly.

Wilhelm bowed low over Miss Vandare's hand. Too low, Madame Berthault thought, mentally filing away the impression for possible later use.

"They wish to look at some rings," Madame said as soon as the visitors were seated. "Something special."

Wilhelm tore his gaze away from Miss Vandare and opened the safe, coming back with three trays. Set in soft black velvet, the diamond rings glittered blue and green in the electric light.

"I say," murmured Lord Edgware in obvious appreciation, "even though I don't know much about diamonds, those really are something. Don't you think so, darling?"

Miss Vandare lost some of her remoteness as she stared at the expensive jewels. "They're beautiful," she breathed, "beautiful."

"If I may suggest . . ." Wilhelm held a ring between his fingers that burned with a white fire. The thin gold band was set with a single large stone.

Miss Vandare took the diamond carefully. "It's lovely," she said, "quite lovely." She passed it to Lord Edgware.

"I say . . ." he murmured again in admiration, and then reaching forward for the watch glass that lay on the desk he screwed it into his right eye and examined the stone. At length he turned to his companion and asked timidly: "Do you like it, darling?"

For the first time Miss Vandare allowed a smile to flit across her face. "Oh, yes," she said, "very much." She slipped the ring on to the third finger of her left hand and held it out in front of her. The band fitted perfectly. The effect was magical. "I love it," she said.

Lord Edgware looked as

though he might explode from sheer pleasure.

"Well, then . . ." he began, "shall we . . .?" Miss Vandare nodded.

Madame Berthault had watched the proceedings without saying a word. Now she turned to them and said: "I think you are very wise. It is a beautiful stone."

Lord Edgware nodded strongly in agreement and then turned to Wilhelm and asked the price.

Wilhelm consulted a small black book and said: "It is one-hundred-and-twenty-six thousand Austrian schillings."

Lord Edgware cleared his throat. "One-hundred-and-twenty-six thousand, you say?"

He cleared his throat again. Miss Vandare was looking at him coolly. "Hm. Yes. Yes. Of course." Lord Edgware made some rapid calculations in his notebook. There was a faint stirring of embarrassment in the air. Finally he looked up. "I'm afraid I don't have that amount of money in Austrian schillings," he said to Wilhelm, "but would you consider accepting the equivalent amount in United States currency? I make it approximately five thousand dollars."

It was Wilhelm's turn to calculate the rate of exchange on his blotting-pad. Five thousand was correct. He looked at Lord Edgware. "We shall be happy to accept the dollar equivalent. It is no trouble."

Lord Edgware looked relieved. "Thank you," he said, coloring slightly, "such a pity if . . ." He waved his hand in an expressive gesture. "A great pity indeed," Wilhelm agreed.

The business was over; an agreement loftily agreed upon between two gentlemen, who had used the minimum of words so that nothing as squalid as "business" should mar the transaction.

Suddenly into the atmosphere of high-toned trust came the cautious but firm voice of Madame Berthault, a woman, and therefore unable to appreciate the gentlemanly dealings. "Would Lord Edgware be agree-

able to stepping into the bank next door and allowing them to check the currency? We have never done business with your Lordship before."

"Louise!" Wilhelm pronounced the name as though he had never heard it before. Madame Berthault had known before she spoke what Wilhelm's reaction would be. His trouble was that he was too much of a gentleman. Madame could remember quite clearly the occupation of Vienna. Perhaps, she thought, Wilhelm had not come into touch with some of the occupation troops quite as much as she had. And then there was something else . . .

Wilhelm had turned to Lord Edgware. "Sir, it is not necessary," he said, wearing an embarrassed smile.

But Lord Edgware rose gravely to his feet and said: "Madame is right. One cannot be too careful. If you will show me the way?"

When they returned, Wilhelm's face was as black as thunder. The hundred-dollar bills were as good as any that had ever been printed in the United States. He was in a most humiliating position.

When the three of them were again in the back office—Miss Vandare had left, remotely, for a nearby café—Lord Edgware smiled at Wilhelm: "Would you permit me a day's grace in this matter? My fiancée is a person of varying moods and by this time tomorrow she may want something different. If I could leave the money as surety against the ring, and you would allow me to take the ring with me, I shall return at ten o'clock tomorrow morning and finalise the transaction. I am sure you understand."

"I understand perfectly," said Wilhelm, shooting a hostile glance at Madame Berthault. "We are quite agreeable."

Lord Edgware handed Wilhelm the sealed envelope containing the dollars. Wilhelm turned to Louise. "The ring," he hissed. She handed Lord

Continuing . . . A Ring of Truth

from page 19

Edgware the small high-topped box that had been wrapped in gleaming white paper.

Lord Edgware bowed. "Until tomorrow morning," he said, shaking hands with both of them.

When he had gone there was a cold silence in the room. Wilhelm placed the envelope in the safe, scrambling the combination as he closed the door.

"Don't you think you should have counted them?" Madame Berthault asked.

Wilhelm looked at her coldly, and then without saying a word placed his hat carefully on his head and stalked out to take his lunch.

The faint smile that had been on Madame's face gave place to a worried frown as the door tinkled shut behind him.

At precisely nine o'clock the next morning Madame Berthault entered the shop. Wilhelm was behind the counter reading the paper.

"Any murders or robberies?" she asked as she went past him to hang up her coat and hat. She had meant the tone to be light and gay, but somehow it had sounded depressed and flat. Madame had not had a very good night.

Wilhelm rustled the paper in answer. Madame Berthault thought it better to keep silent. She went into the back office.

At ten minutes past ten Wilhelm came to the door and asked in a chilly voice "Louise, what time did Lord Edgware say he would call?"

"At ten o'clock. Why, is anything wrong?"

"No. Of course not!" He turned back into the shop.

At 10.30 Wilhelm again stood in the doorway. This time there was a slight frown on his face. "You're sure he said ten and not eleven?"

"Quite sure."

"Hm." He disappeared into the shop.

At 11.15 Wilhelm was back again, and this time he opened

the safe and peered into it.

"Why don't you telephone the Bristol Hotel, where they are staying, and check, if you're worried?"

"I'm not worried," Wilhelm snapped back.

At noon Madame Berthault heard Wilhelm use the telephone in the front of the shop. Seconds later he stepped into the office. "They're gone," he said. "Flew out for Lisbon yesterday afternoon. Well, that means she did like the ring." He took the envelope from the safe and opened it.

Afterwards when they spoke about it—and she spoke about it often—Madame Berthault could never say just what she had been expecting. If a mouse had suddenly sprung from the open envelope she could not have been shocked. She could

only say that she had been expecting everything and nothing, and that was why, when Wilhelm had cried "Louise" in a shocked and anguished voice, when he held up two one-hundred-dollar bills with a neat sandwich of brown paper between them, she had not screamed or fallen down in a faint. Rather it was Wilhelm who clutched on to the side of the desk for support. Madame Berthault can only remember smiling and breathing a sigh of relief.

"Louise," Wilhelm whispered in a voice hoarse with emotion, "what are we to do?"

And that was when Madame Berthault smiled for the second time.

"It's not as bad as all that," she said.

Wilhelm looked at her as though she had gone completely and unaccountably mad. "Not as bad as . . ." His voice rose to a squeak. "We've lost a diamond worth five thousand dollars and you say . . ."

Wilhelm felt his way along the desk and slumped into the chair, shaking his head slowly from side to side.

"Now, then, Wilhelm, remember your heart," Madame Berthault said soothingly. "The

diamond never left the shop."

Wilhelm looked down at the parcel of brown paper which he was clutching as though it were a million dollars. "Explain," he said in a weak voice.

"It is simple," Madame Berthault said. "I substituted an imitation stone."

"You what?"

"Oh, I can tell you I was worried. I didn't sleep so well. But you wouldn't have listened and I thought I'd teach you a lesson and then I became nervous and wished that I hadn't."

Wilhelm had regained some of his composure. "My dear," he said, "you are raving."

"No, Wilhelm, I'm not," said Madame with a smile that might well have been one of self-satisfaction. "I suspected those two."

"But . . ." Wilhelm began. "He looked a perfect gentleman to me. I would never have thought . . ."

"That's the trouble; just because he said he was a lord and wore a good tie you thought he was a gentleman."

"But how did you suspect him?" Wilhelm's tone was conciliatory and there was a certain amount of respect in it.

"You must look at yourself in a mirror more closely. Round your right eye there is a faint ring. Leopold had it, too. It comes from continually using a watch glass."

"Lord Edgware had that ring as well. And, for a person who stated that he knew nothing about diamonds, he gave the stone a very careful examination."

"Louise, I . . ." Wilhelm came round from behind the desk and stood in front of Madame Berthault. "Louise, I don't know quite what to say."

Madame Berthault suddenly looked wistful, as though an illusion had been shattered. "And then, Wilhelm, would you examine a stone so carefully if you had chased me half-way across Europe?"

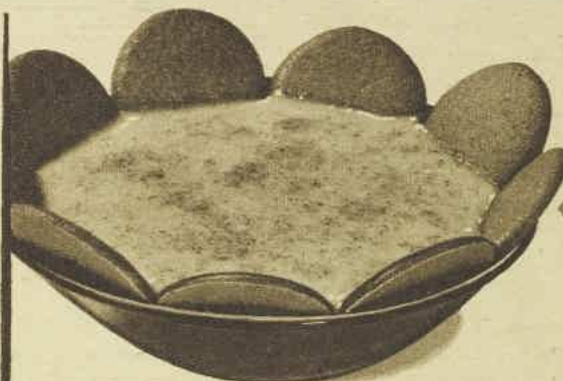
"My dear," Wilhelm said, smiling, "we are half-way across Europe."

Madame Berthault chuckled and took his hand in hers. "Yes, I suppose we are."

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Make custard as packet directs. Cool and stir in topping and cochineal. Place biscuits in dish in layers and pour custard over. Chill.



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DRESS SENSE

By *Betty Keep*

● The wide-away neckline inspired by Dior's flattering autumn evening decolletage is high-fashion for late-day and after dark.

THE fashion item above answers a letter from a young married woman. Here is the letter and my reply:

"I have some floral rose-printed silk organza I want to make into a frock suitable for late-day and evening. Would you suggest a style for which I could obtain a pattern? I want the frock to have a low-cut neckline, if such a style is being worn, because my neck and shoulders are my best points. I would also like to have an artificial rose trimming."

Illustrated at right is the design I have chosen for your organza. The styling of the dress is simple because the material is so pretty. The low-cut bodice-top (by the way, it is right in fashion) is designed to flatter your throat and shoulders. The rose-trim on the shoulder is matched to the rose trail on the skirt.

A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.



DS280.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material, and 6yds. 36in. lining. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"Is it correct that skirt lines are very much shorter this year than last season?"

In Paris some designers raised the hemline to just below knee-level. However, I feel the Australian public will follow Dior's more moderate 15in. from the ground.

"Do you think the sack dress is correct for a girl of 16? I would also like to know if you think it will be worn here."

I think the sack is a natural for the junior figure. If the sack doesn't become a volume seller in Australia it won't be

the fault of Paris, where it has been strongly endorsed. The modified version, in my opinion, is the most flattering. By this I mean a sack broken at some point on the body by a half-drawstring, a belt, or other means.

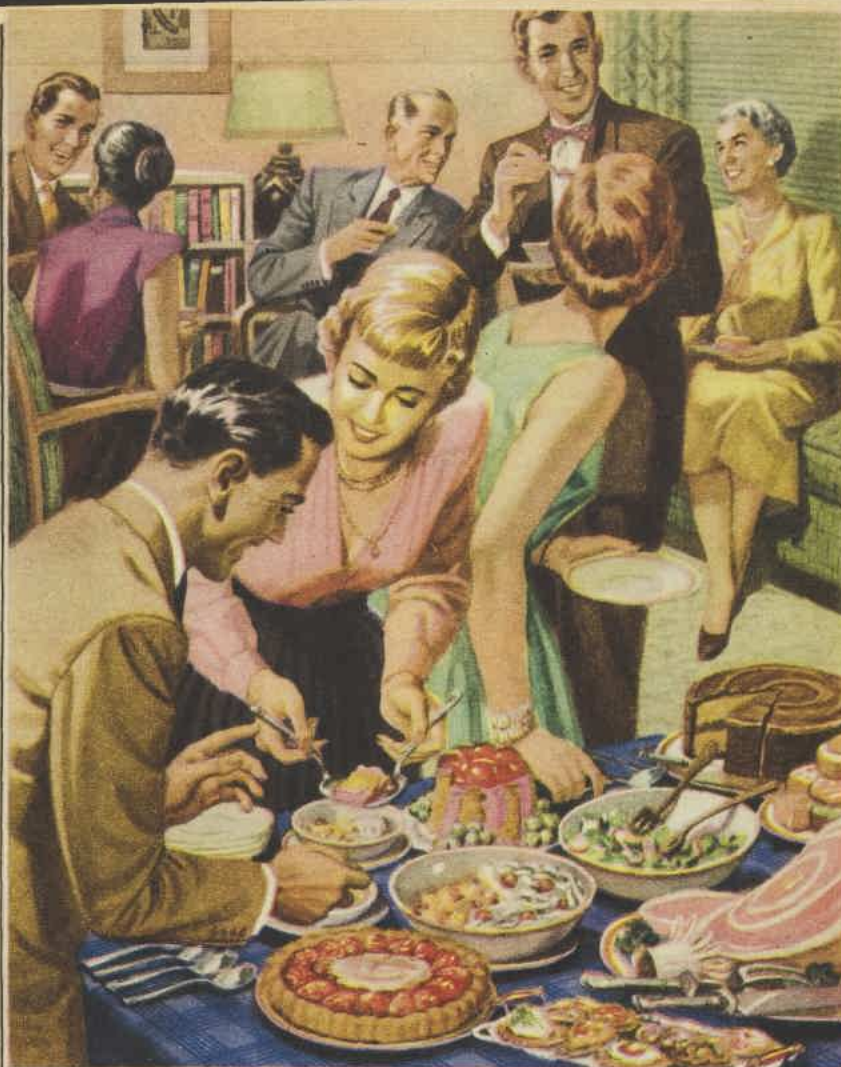
"I AM in my teens and I always try to follow American teenage fashions. My present request is for a top to wear with an all-round pleated skirt."

Reports from college shops in New York place the middie-blouse, a revival of the '20s, right in the teenage fashion

spotlight. The easy-fitted middie, finished with a hip-band and modified sailor collar, is perhaps the most currently popular design.

"I WOULD like your advice about making a piece of pale gold metallic brocade. I have sufficient for the bodice only, so it will have to be combined with another fabric."

Combine the brocade with beige chiffon and finish the waistline with a gold kid belt. Have the bodice fitted with a low, wide V-shaped neckline, plus a harem-draped skirt.



Housewarming

Sugar belongs to the sweetest moments of your life

A housewarming is a heart-warming occasion. Friends, laughter and good food blend to make a sweet and happy moment. Sugar is there on such occasions—in the fruit salad, the cakes, the jellies and in

many other wholesome foods.

A properly balanced diet should include body building foods like meat and eggs; protective foods like milk, fruit and vegetables; and energy foods like sugar, bread and potatoes.



Mr. R. C. Dobbin, one of Australia's 9,000 sugar cane growers, cultivates young cane on his farm near Ayr, northern Queensland.

The Australian sugar industry includes 9,000 independent farmers (the average size farm is 50 acres) who grow sugar cane. Raw sugar is made from the cane juice at 34 mills (7 are owned by C.S.R.) 6 refineries (5 owned by C.S.R.) refine about half the raw sugar; the rest is exported. The farmers, the raw sugar millers, and the refiners work in organised co-operation to produce sugar efficiently and cheaply.

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Beauty in brief

GLAMOR FOR YOUNG GIRLS

By *CAROLYN EARLE*

● When a very young girl becomes interested in her appearance, she's ready for suggestions about grooming.

NOW is the right time for a mother or an older sister to steer the youngster away from some of the headier aids to beauty, and into the bathtub. Simply present her with a few basic, inexpensive accessories designed to add charm both to bath and bather.

A pretty box of dusting powder, some bath crystals, her own bottle of liquid shampoo, or perhaps a few ounces of light cologne, might easily fill the bill.

Another valuable idea for the young teenager: Start her on a programme of hand care. Give her a bottle of good

lotion, a manicure outfit, and perhaps some colorless or palest pink nail-polish.

If she is taught to use this equipment regularly and well, and if she takes pride in the appearance of her hands and feet, she can benefit for many years.

How soon should a girl wear make-up? This decision seems to be instinctive in many girls, but others need supervision. Make-up is certainly out of place on a very young face. It looks silly.

However, a pale pink lipstick for special occasions is probably a good start towards youthful glamor.

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Jan. 13

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck through elders.	★ Follow up your decisions. Your projects should prosper as long as you adhere to plans, but hasty changes are unlikely to produce any tangible results. Be concrete.	★ This new cycle is favorable to your personal interests, although developments may be slow in coming. Offer your services freely to any busy members of the household.	★ A restless week for the beloved. Let him take trips, visit, make new contacts. Do not become possessive or critical if he appears to be more concerned with others.	★ Your friends can do much to make life pleasant, but this should not be all one-way traffic. Return hospitality in an informal way. Don't try to impress.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, light blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck on wheels.	★ Some profitable hours may be spent going over business and money accounts. Until you know where you stand you cannot indulge in new enterprises.	★ Getting emotional at the wrong time could upset the home environment. Hasty criticisms or an unreasonable standard of perfection could chill those prepared to help.	★ If the one you love best has been cherishing a hope which meets with unexpected obstacles, or if he has been deceiving himself in regard to his prospects, sympathize.	★ Don't dismiss the chance to meet unusual people who differ from your ordinary associates. They can open up new avenues. Opportunities will increase.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Wednesday. Luck in a business transaction.	★ Whatever may seem annoying at first could be really a blessing in disguise. Mistakes cost money; as some of you will learn, but you won't make the same error twice.	★ Kicking against domestic tasks, toying with the idea of escaping them will lead to unhappiness. Responsibilities must be met. The family does appreciate you.	★ That one-and-only may feel the need for peace and quiet. Don't force him into crowds. Impress him with your domesticity and efficiency. Listen if he confides.	★ Swing into action as a new cycle claims your attention. A bit more individual initiative and greater determination could lead to the fulfillment of some social hopes.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in being one of a team.	★ If you are not familiar with certain business matters it might be better to let someone else handle financial transactions to assure success.	★ Listen to the advice of the marriage partner and try to follow it wherever possible. Do not take comments as criticism of your efforts. Share work and play.	★ A romantic and adventurous mood may be the keynote to an offer of marriage. Invitations to go dancing, driving, swimming are likely to be frequent.	★ The future is more important than the present, and it will not pay to alienate people who are just because you want to air your pet theories.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in bounding vitality.	★ Keep your social and business or financial affairs separate. Busy-bodies can cause annoyance or make activities too expensive. The less neighbors know, the better.	★ A piece of creative work which enables you to express your artistic gifts could bring great satisfaction. If possible, interest a member of the family in your project.	★ Your beloved appears attractive to others this week, so you'll have to work extra hard to hold his attention. Do not make this too obvious, but keep him interested.	★ You could be lured into activities, sports, which are beyond your physical strength, and pay for your folly later. This can go from too much sunbaking to over-exertion.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck at a party.	★ There is the chance that some of you may be able to turn a hobby into a part-time job or a profitable sideline. A suggestion may lead to good business contacts.	★ Children are likely to influence any decision reached on the domestic front. Their needs, wishes may be paramount. Outings should be excellent for health and morale.	★ This is really smooth sailing. Be a friend as well as a lover, and all should go well if you can alter clear of hurting his supersensitive feelings. Be kind.	★ Redouble your tact once you sense you are treading on sensitive toes. Indulge in social pastimes with friends, relatives, neighbors. Skirt around controversial topics.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a cupboard or box.	★ Resist temptation to spend when your finances are at a low ebb. It would be more satisfactory to wait until more money is available and a wider choice is possible.	★ The presence of loved ones, particularly if on holidays, will make your home the scene of pleasant activity. Share their interests, keep housework at a minimum.	★ You may imagine that the actions of your beloved are partly due to those round him. This is a passing phase unless you make an issue of it.	★ Old friends that you made in the past may turn up and desire your presence to the exclusion of new acquaintances. Do not attempt to mix the two.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in your own neighborhood.	★ Worry never yet solved a money problem. Take a realistic view. Become a self-helper in the cause of economy, if necessary, but do not look for chance or a miracle.	★ Some of you may be purchasing land for a summer cottage or the family may be helping to erect or renovate a beach house. This should be fun.	★ If you travel you might meet the great love of your life. There could be a secret conflict. Your new friend might replace your former beloved permanently.	★ Interesting communications may be headed your way through either letters or personal visits. When planning any social event be very clear about arrangements.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 24 - DECEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in all practical affairs.	★ Even if your interest lies mainly in the pay envelope, that job is worth clinging to. Do not let go until you have another clinched. Don't rely on influence.	★ Affairs regarding property or the family may come up for attention. Your advice should be constructive and you can now take action on behalf of all concerned.	★ A tendency to bluntness, snap judgments, hasty actions, particularly in connection with your crowd, could earn your beloved a certain amount of unpopularity.	★ Temptation to mix business and pleasure may still be strong. Desire to gain from association with powerful people may be uppermost, but don't complain if you're bored.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 24 - JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in love.	★ Those who know what they want are out to start a new chapter. Increase in income or more expert handling of present resources seems to be the answer.	★ Try to rest as much as possible or your nerves will suffer. Take things as they come, avoid worry, family friction, any tense situation. Stay as placid as you can.	★ Don't be cold or standoffish and don't leave him alone, for he is quite attractive to other people at present. He needs you to applaud and praise him.	★ Continue to make progress in activities which are healthful or educational. Use them to enhance your personality. The social side will take care of itself.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, cream. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in your own judgment.	★ There is great strength in keeping your plans to yourself just now. Big or small they should be carried out with a minimum of publicity at home or abroad.	★ Accept your present advantages and let the future decide for itself. You will gain nothing by precipitating a showdown and you can meet situations when they arise.	★ Doubts of your sincerity could worry your beloved. He may be feeling sentimental, but not admit it. If you have been two-timing, the day of reckoning will come.	★ A fine week to see the local sights, pay friendly calls, or get together with your intimates. Discussion should be gay and entertaining, but not intellectual.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in a new friendship.	★ You can usually recognise money-making opportunities when you see them. Keep your eyes open; they may be lurking in unexpected places. Follow up any lead.	★ Friends may intervene or upset your plans for family outings. It is not always easy to strike a fair balance between the legitimate demands of both. Compromise.	★ Dig beneath the surface mood and a softly forgiving heart is beating for you. You have yet to realise your beloved's tendency to hide good traits.	★ Your hopes may be centred on a group rather than on your own private affairs. According to the decision of the group, your amusements can be old or new.

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Worth Reporting

BOY meets girl, Indian-style, may seem strange to Western ideas, but according to Mrs. Jaya Subramaniam, of Madras, marrying your parents' choice makes just as many happy homes.

"Daughters can refuse a prospective husband when they meet him," said Mrs. Subramaniam, "but it worked out well for me."

"I liked my husband the moment I met him. We have many interests in common."

"My father met my husband at a college near Madras. My husband spoke of his work and plans; my father replied that he seemed to have everything he needed except a wife. My husband said he was looking for a suitable girl."

"My father described me and my two unmarried sisters to him and he decided I was the one he would most like to meet. We met in January, 1956, and were married in February."

"Even before talking to my father, my husband had advertised in a Madras newspaper for a wife, and my mother had written to the box number suggesting he might like to meet me. The casual way Australians meet and marry is just as strange to us."

A graduate of Madras University, Mrs. Subramaniam is in Australia for three years while her husband does post-doctorate research in public administration at the Australian National University, Canberra.

She is doing psychology research at the University.

MR. CHRISTOPHER GABIN ROBINSON, a sociable young pilot who recently made an aero-survey of Grahamland, in Antarctica, was speaking in a B.B.C. programme.

Said he: "You can just go up to a penguin and say, 'Hello,' but your reception is apt to vary a bit."

"Some merely walk away, some challenge you and swear at you; others try to peck you if you get too close."

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"I found it! It's in here somewhere!"

From such a small beginning

SYDNEY'S first day nursery, a small stone terrace-house at 126 Dowling Street, Woolloomooloo, opened with two children just before Christmas, 1905.

Soon it reached capacity — 16 children, whose mothers, earning 4/- a day for domestic work, left them at the nursery for a charge of 3d. a day for one child, 4d. for two.

A vice-president of this nursery, Mrs. Winifred Fairfax, now president of the Forest Lodge Day Nursery and Nursery School in Sydney, recalls some of the struggles and laughter of the early nursery in a booklet, "Memories of Sydney's First Day Nursery."

From this nursery, started voluntarily by Sydney women, has grown an organisation caring for more than 1000 children each day, employing more than 200 trained staff in six day nurseries and 17 nursery schools.

Today's working mothers — schoolteachers, and office and factory workers — pay an average of 17/6 a week for each child.

Her thoughts are far from woolly

NOT many women study Agricultural Science, but holding her own in a man's field is Dr. Manika Wodzicka, now doing research work at the Sheep Biology Laboratory of the C.S.I.R.O.'s Animal Health and Production Division at Prospect, N.S.W.

Dr. Wodzicka's subject is climatology, and graziers as far north as Julia Creek, Queensland, may later benefit from her experiments on the reaction of sheep to humid tropical conditions.

A chamber at Prospect has a simulated hot, steamy "climate," with a temperature of 105 degrees, in which are kept "guinea-pig" sheep in various stages of "undress."

We felt sorry for the unshorn animals.

"No need to," said Mr. J. C. D. Hutchinson, Chief Scientist of the Climatology Section. "The sheep don't mind."

The section is trying to establish whether sheep sweat and what types will thrive better and give a more efficient wool output in tropical areas, and why.

Dr. Wodzicka is the daughter of Count and Countess Wodzicka, who went to New Zealand from Poland in 1941.

"The Living Bush" — an inspiration

"THE LIVING BUSH," The Australian Women's Weekly book of native birds, animals, and flowers, has inspired talented Mrs. C. M. Gale, of Mosman, to hand-paint silk and chiffon scarves.

With a mixture of oil paint and distilled turpentine she has reproduced some of Australia's flora and fauna on these scarves.

Formerly a teacher of raffia and macrame work, Mrs. Gale has been painting on china and pottery for many years, but only began her work on silk just before Christmas, when she saw "The Living Bush." She hopes one day to teach her latest craft to others.

"The Living Bush" has proved so popular that it is now being reprinted. Copies will be on sale in a couple of months' time.

THE life of a courier who accompanies motor-coach tourists in Europe has its setbacks, according to English-woman Jacqueline Paterson.

"One of my worst moments," she said, "was in Pisa, soon after I began the job."

"I pointed out what I thought was the Leaning Tower and, as we got nearer to it, I realised it was a factory chimney."

A high-flying doctor

KEEPING on the "straight and level" is no easy task for high-flying woman doctor Dorothy ("Pat") Rutherford, of Willoughby, N.S.W.

One of the few women holders of commercial pilot licences in Australia, she prefers acrobatics to straight flying — loops, spins, slow rolls, or inverted flying when the engine cuts off and the plane glides closer to the ground every second.

She was the only woman flier among 18 competitors when she won the Royal Aero Club open acrobatics competition at a field day at Camden aerodrome recently.

Four years ago she was one of the 11 entrants in a reliability flight to Adelaide — the first women's air race held in Australia.

This passion for flying began only five years ago when she and her husband, Ronald, were holidaying in New Zealand, and were flown over the South Island glaciers in a Fox Moth — a three-man plane.

Dr. Rutherford now has to her credit a total of more than 700 flying hours.

The Rutherfords' 12-year-old daughter, Julie, is also a keen flier.

FROM a local insurance journal, the following penetrating observation:

"There are seven ages of women — the infant, the little girl, the miss, the young woman, the young woman, the young woman, the young woman."

FOUR HOLD FORTH

Sara Quads tell own story



MARK: I like running — and I can run much faster than any of the others. That's because I eat lots of Vegemite. Mum says it makes me strong.



PHILLIP: Do you like my garden? It's all mine and I water it every day and pull out the weeds so they don't choke the "nastysyums" and the "onyums".



ALISON: I've just bought a great big jar of Vegemite — because Mummy says we eat it so often it's best to get the biggest jar there is — and Mummy says the big jar saves money.



JUDITH: I like skipping better than all the other games. My best number of skips is 417 — but I think I'll beat that this time.

Delicious Vegemite gives the Saras the vitamins they need every day.

Mrs. Sara has a word to say, too: "One of the few things all four agree upon is that they love Vegemite. Ever since their baby days I've made certain they have plenty of this vitamin-rich food."

Vegemite, a pure concentrated yeast extract, supplies Vitamin B₁, B₂ and Niacin — essential for firm body tissue, good digestion, healthy nerves and clear skin. Spread Vegemite on toast, in sandwiches, on savouries . . . and pop a spoonful in soups, stews and gravies.

You can buy your Vegemite in 2 and 4-oz. jars and 6-oz. re-usable glasses. For big savings, buy the 8 and 16-oz. family-size jars. And for greatest saving, get Vegemite in the new "Mighty" size 2-lb. jar.



Vegemite — made by Kraft

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When you're on a good thing
Stick to it!"



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Regular size, 8/11; Large size, 15/11

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Whether you buy a large Mortein Pressure★Pak for 15/11 or a bottle of Mortein Plus for 2/6, you will get the best insecticide that money can buy. So the important thing is to insist on Mortein. When you're on a good thing stick to it.

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Australian families
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in preference to any
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Continuing . . . 4.50 From Paddington

from page 21

was silent for a moment or two, deep in thought. Then he said, almost unwillingly, "It's much simpler, of course, if you say nothing. I can understand what your brothers feel about it. All the same—"

"Yes?"

Quimper looked at her. His eyes had an affectionate twinkle in them.

"I'd go ahead and tell 'em," he said. "You'll go on worrying if you don't. I know you."

Emma flushed a little.

"Perhaps I'm foolish."

"You do what you want to do, my dear — and let the rest of the family go bang! I'd back your judgment against the lot of them any day."

"Girl! You, girl! Come in here."

Lucy turned her head, surprised. Old Mr. Crackenthorpe was beckoning to her fiercely from just inside a door.

"You want me, Mr. Crackenthorpe?"

"Don't talk so much. Come in here."

Lucy obeyed the imperative finger. Old Mr. Crackenthorpe took hold of her arm and pulled her inside the door.

"Want to show you something," he said.

Lucy looked round her. They were in a small room evidently designed to be used as a study, but equally evidently not used as such for a very long time. There were piles of dusty papers on the desk and cobwebs festooned from the

corners of the ceiling. The air smelt damp and musty.

"Do you want me to clean this room?" she asked.

Old Mr. Crackenthorpe shook his head fiercely.

"No, you don't! I keep this room locked up. Emma would like to fiddle in here, but I don't let her. It's my room. See these stones? They're geological specimens."

LUCY looked at a collection of twelve or fourteen lumps of rock, some polished and some rough.

"Lovely," she said kindly. "Most interesting."

"You're quite right. They are interesting. You're an intelligent girl. I don't show them to everybody. I'll show you some more things."

"It's very kind of you, but I ought really to get on with what I was doing. With six people in the house—"

"Eating me out of house and home . . . That's all they do when they come down here! Eat. They don't offer to pay for what they eat, either. Leeches! All waiting for me to die. Well, I'm not going to die just yet — I'm not going to die to please them. I'm a lot stronger than even Emma knows."

"I'm sure you are."

"I'm not so old, either. She makes out I'm an old man,

treats me as an old man. You don't think I'm old, do you?"

"Of course not," said Lucy. "Sensible girl. Take a look at this."

He indicated a large faded chart which hung on the wall.

It was, Lucy saw, a genealogical tree; some of it done so finely that one would have had to have a magnifying glass to read the names. The remote forebears, however, were written in large proud capitals with crowns over the names.

"Descended from Kings," said Mr. Crackenthorpe. "My mother's family tree, that is — not my father's. He was a vulgarian! Common old man! Didn't like me. I was a cut above him always. Took after my mother's side. Had a natural feeling for art and classical sculpture—he couldn't see anything in it—silly old fool. Don't remember my mother—died when I was two. Last of her family. They were sold up and she married my father. But you look there—Edward the Confessor—Ethelred the Unready—whole lot of them. And that was before the Normans came. Before the Normans—that's something, isn't it?"

"It is indeed."

"Now I'll show you something else. He guided her across the room to an enormous piece of dark oak furniture. Lucy was rather uneasily conscious of the strength of the fingers clutching her arm. There certainly seemed nothing feeble about old Mr. Crackenthorpe today.

"See this? Came out of Lushington—that was my mother's people's place. Elizabethan, this is. Takes four men to move it. You don't know what I keep inside it, do you? Like me to show you?"

"Do show me," said Lucy politely.

"Curious, aren't you? All women are curious." He took a key from his pocket and unlocked the door of the lower cupboard. From this he took out a surprisingly new-looking cash box. This, again, he unlocked.

"Take a look here, my dear. Know what these are?"

He lifted out a small paper-wrapped cylinder and pulled away the paper from one end. Gold coins trickled out into his palm.

"Look at these, young lady. Look at 'em, hold 'em, touch 'em. Know what they are? Bet you don't! You're too young. Sovereigns—that's what they are. Good golden sovereigns. What we used before all these dirty bits of paper came into fashion. Worth a lot more than silly pieces of paper. Collected them a long time back. I've got other things in this box, too. Lots of things put away in here. All ready for the future. Emma doesn't know—nobody knows. It's our secret, see, girl? D'you know why I'm telling you and showing you?"

"Why?"

"Because I don't want you to think I'm a played-out sick old man. Lots of life in the old dog yet. My wife's been dead a long time. Always objecting to everything, she was. Didn't like the names I gave the children—good Saxon names—no interest in that family tree. I never paid any attention to what she said, though—and she was a poor-spirited creature—always gave in. Now you're a spirited filly—a very nice filly indeed. I'll give you some advice. Don't throw yourself away on a young man. Young men are fools! You want to take care of your future. You wait."

His fingers pressed into Lucy's arm. He leaned to her ear. "I don't say more than that. Wait. Those silly fools think I'm going to die soon."

I'm not. Shouldn't be surprised if I outlived the lot of them. And then we'll see! Oh, yes, then we'll see. Harold's got no children. Cedric and Alfred aren't married. Emma—Emma will never marry now. She's a bit sweet on Quimper—but Quimper will never think of marrying Emma. There's Alexander, of course. Yes, there's Alexander . . . But, you know, I'm fond of Alexander . . . Yes, that's awkward. I'm fond of Alexander."

He paused for a moment, frowning, then said: "Well, girl, what about it? What about it, eh?"

"Miss Eyelesbarrow . . ."

Emma's voice came faintly through the closed study door. Lucy seized gratefully at the opportunity.

"Miss Crackenthorpe's calling me. I must go. Thank you so much for all you have shown me . . ."

"Don't forget . . . our secret . . ."

"I won't forget," said Lucy, and hurried out into the hall not quite certain as to whether she had or had not just received a conditional proposal of marriage.

Dermot Craddock sat at his desk in his room at New Scotland Yard. He was slumped sideways in an easy attitude, and was talking into the telephone receiver which he held with one elbow propped up on the table. He was speaking in French, a language in which he was tolerably proficient.

"It was only an idea, you understand," he said.

"But decidedly it is an idea," said the voice at the other end from the Prefecture in Paris. "Already I have set inquiries in motion in those circles. My agent reports that he has two or three promising lines of inquiry. Unless there is some family life—or a lover, these women drop out of circulation very easily and no one troubles about them. They have gone on tour or there is some new man—it is no one's business to ask."

"It is a pity that the photograph you sent me is so difficult for anyone to recognise. Strangulation, it does not improve the appearance. Still, that cannot be helped. I go now to study the latest reports of my agents on this matter. There will be, perhaps, something. Au revoir, mon cher."

As Craddock reiterated the farewell politely, a slip of paper was placed before him on the desk. It read:

Miss Emma Crackenthorpe. To see Detective-Inspector Craddock.

Rutherford Hall case. He replaced the receiver and said to the police constable: "Bring Miss Crackenthorpe up."

As he waited he leaned back in his chair, thinking.

So he had not been mistaken—there was something that Emma Crackenthorpe knew—not much, perhaps, but something. And she had decided to tell him.

He rose to his feet as she was shown in, shook hands, settled her in a chair and offered her a cigarette, which she refused. Then there was a momentary pause. She was trying, he decided, to find just the words she wanted. He leaned forward.

"You have come to tell me something. Miss Crackenthorpe? Can I help you? You've been worried about something, haven't you? Some little thing, perhaps, that you feel probably has nothing to do with the case, but on the other hand just might be related to it. You've come here to tell me about it, haven't you? It's to do, perhaps, with the identity of the dead woman. You think you know who she was?"

"No, no, not quite that. I

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Page 47

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear . . . or cut out ready to make.



KATHLEEN.—Smart sheath dress with a "sack" silhouette to be worn belted or unbelted. The material is floral cambric, the color choice includes pale green with lemon, pale pink with blue, and pale blue with rose-pink.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 65/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 67/6. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

At Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 43/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 46. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

MARY LOU.—Pretty full-skirted one-piece dress made in inted floral cambric. The color choice includes red and blue, pale blue and green, and lemon and blue, all printed on a white ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 76/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 78/9. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

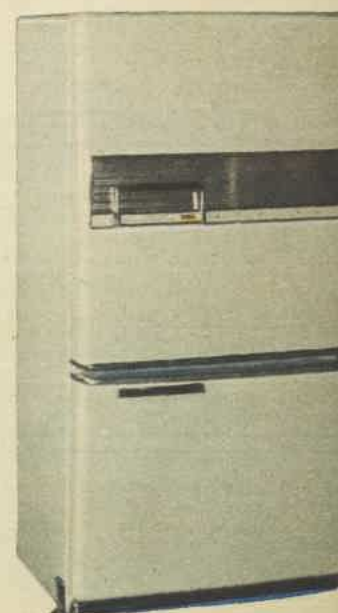
At Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 48/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 51. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 61. Fashion frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Harris St., Glenside, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 15, 1958



Admiral



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defrosts itself and evaporates all the unwanted moisture, never needs your attention. See your nearest Admiral retailer soon; let him tell you about the special easy terms that will put the "DUAL-TEMP" in your home immediately.



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Extreme left: **Standard or De-Luxe 10.7 cu. ft.** for the larger family. Full-width freezer chest holds 80 lbs. of frozen food. De-Luxe model features push-button defrost and automatic water disposal. Canyon Copper trim.

Centre: **Crisp-line styled 8 cu. ft. model**, perfect for average-size families. Freezer chest holds 50 lbs. of frozen foods, complete top-to-bottom storage facilities. "Touch-a-Magic" handle. Canyon Copper trim.

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ADM 135/PFC.

Continuing . . . 4.50 From Paddington

think really it's most unlikely. But—

"But there is some possibility that worries you. You'd better tell me about it—because we may be able to set your mind at rest."

Emma took a moment or two before speaking. Then she said: "You have seen three of my brothers. I had another brother, Edmund, who was killed in the war. Shortly before he was killed, he wrote to me from France."

She opened her handbag and took out a worn and faded letter. She read from it:

"I hope this won't be a shock to you, Emmie, but I'm getting married—to a French girl. It's all been very sudden—but I know you'll be fond of Martine—and look after her if anything happens to me. Will write you all the details in my next—by which time I shall be a married man. Break it gently to the old man, won't you? He'll probably go up in smoke."

Inspector Craddock held out a hand. Emma hesitated, then put the letter into it. She went on, speaking rapidly.

"Two days after receiving this letter, we had a telegram saying Edmund was missing, believed killed. Later he was definitely reported killed. It was just before Dunkirk—and a time of great confusion. There was no Army record, as far as I could find out, of his having been married—but as I say, it was a confused time. I never heard anything from the girl."

"I tried, after the war, to make some inquiries, but I only knew her Christian name and that part of France had been occupied by the Germans and it was difficult to find out anything, without knowing the girl's surname and more about her. In the end I assumed that the marriage had never taken place and that the girl had probably married someone else before the end of the war, or might possibly herself have been killed."

Inspector Craddock nodded. Emma went on.

"Imagine my surprise to receive a letter just about a month ago, signed Martine Crackenthorpe."

"You have it?" Emma took it from her bag and handed it to him. Craddock read it with interest. It was written in slanting French hand—an educated hand. Dear Mademoiselle,

I hope it will not be a shock to you to get this letter. I do not even know if your brother Edmund told you that we were married. He said he was going to do so. He was killed only

from page 47

a few days after our marriage and at the same time the Germans occupied our village. After the war ended, I decided that I would not write to you or approach you, though Edmund had told me to do so. But by then I had made a new life for myself, and it was not necessary. But now things have changed.

"For my son's sake I write this letter. He is your brother's son, you see, and I—I can no longer give him the advantages he ought to have. I am coming to England early next week. Will you let me know if I can come and see you? My address for letters is 126 Elvers Crescent N.10. I hope again this will not be the great shock to you."

I remain with assurance of my excellent sentiments.

Martine Crackenthorpe.

CRADDOCK was silent for a moment or two. He reread the letter carefully before handing it back.

"What did you do on receipt of this letter, Miss Crackenthorpe?"

"My brother-in-law, Bryan Eastley, happened to be staying with me at the time and I talked to him about it. Then I rang up my brother Harold in London and consulted him about it. Harold was rather sceptical about the whole thing and advised extreme caution. We must, he said, go carefully into this woman's credentials."

Emma paused and then went on:

"That, of course, was only common sense and I quite agreed. But if this girl—woman—was really the Martine about whom Edmund had written to me, I felt that we must make her welcome. I wrote to the address she gave in her letters, inviting her to come down to Rutherford Hall and meet us. A few days later I received a telegram from London: Very sorry forced to return to France unexpectedly. Martine. There was no further letter or news of any kind."

"All this took place—when?" Emma frowned.

"It was shortly before Christmas. I know, because I wanted to suggest her spending Christmas with us—but my father would not hear of it—so I suggested she should come down the weekend after Christmas while the family would still be there. I think the wire saying she was returning to

France came actually a few days before Christmas."

"And you believe that this woman whose body was found in the sarcophagus might be this Martine?"

"No, of course I don't. But when you said she was probably a foreigner—well, I couldn't help wondering . . . if perhaps . . ."

Her voice died away. Craddock spoke quickly and reassuringly.

"You did quite right to tell me about this. We'll look into it. I should say there is probably little doubt that the woman who wrote to you actually did go back to France and is there now alive and well. On the other hand, there is a certain coincidence of dates, as you yourself have been clever enough to realise."

"As you heard at the inquest, the woman's death according to the police surgeon's evidence must have occurred about three to four weeks ago. Now don't worry, Miss Crackenthorpe, just leave it to us." He added casually, "You consulted Mr. Harold Crackenthorpe. What about you father and your other brothers?"

"I had to tell my father, of course. He got very worked up," she smiled faintly. "He was convinced it was a put-up thing to get money out of us. My father gets very excited about money. He believes, or pretends to believe, that he is a very poor man, and that he must save every penny he can. I believe elderly people do get obsessions of that kind sometimes. It's not true, of course, he has a very large income and doesn't actually spend a quarter of it—or used not to until these days of high income tax. Certainly he has a large amount of savings put by."

She paused and then went on. "I told my other two brothers also. Alfred seemed to consider it rather a joke, though he, too, thought it was almost certainly an imposture. Cedric just wasn't interested—he's inclined to be self-centred. Our idea was that the family would receive Martine, and that our lawyer, Mr. Wimborne, should also be asked to be present."

"What did Mr. Wimborne think about the matter?"

"We hadn't got as far as discussing the matter with him. We were on the point of doing so when Martine's telegram arrived."

"You have taken no further steps?"

"Yes, I wrote to the address in London with please forward

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Sanitarium

WEET-BIX

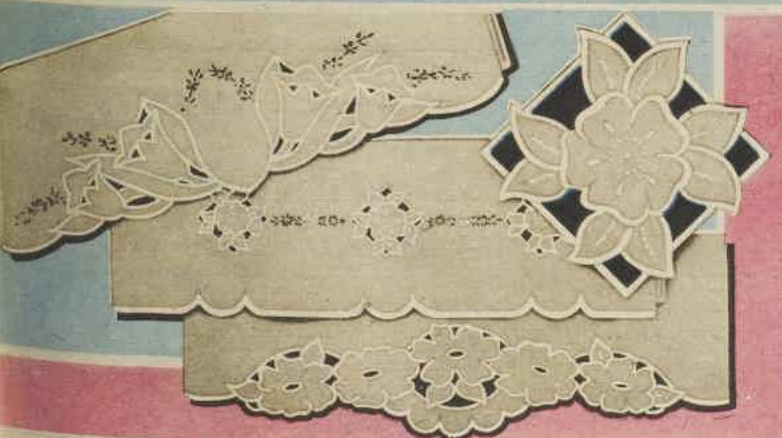
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Continuing . . . 4.50 From Paddington

[from page 49]

on the envelope, but I have had no reply of any kind."

"Rather a curious business . . . Hm . . ."

He looked at her sharply. "What do you yourself think about it?"

"I don't know what to think."

"What were your reactions at the time? Did you think the letter was genuine—or did you agree with your father and brothers? What about your brother-in-law, by the way, what did he think?"

"Oh, Bryan thought that the letter was genuine."

"And you?"

"I—wasn't sure."

"And what were your feelings about it—supposing that this girl really was your brother Edmund's widow?"

Emma's face softened.

"I was very fond of Edmund. He was my favorite brother."

The letter seemed to me exactly the sort of letter that a girl like Martine would write under the circumstances. The course of events she described was entirely natural. I assumed that by the time the war ended she had either married again or was with some man who was protecting her and the child. Then perhaps this man had died, or left her, and then it seemed right to her to apply to Edmund's family—as he himself had wanted her to do.

"The letter seemed genuine and natural to me—but, of course, Harold pointed out that if it was written by an impostor, it would be written by some woman who had known Martine and who was in possession of all the facts, and so could write a thoroughly plausible letter. I had to admit the justice of that—but all the same . . ."

She stopped.

"You wanted it to be true?" said Craddock gently.

She looked at him gratefully.

"Yes, I wanted it to be true. I would be so glad if Edmund had left a son."

Craddock nodded.

"As you say, the letter, on the face of it, sounds genuine enough. What is surprising is the sequel; Martine Crackenthorpe's abrupt departure for Paris and the fact that you have never heard from her since. You had replied kindly to her, were prepared to welcome her. Why, even if she had to return to France, did she not write again? That is, presuming her to be the genuine article. If she were an impostor, of course, it's easier to explain."

"I thought perhaps that you might have consulted Mr. Wimborne, and that he might have instituted inquiries which alarmed the woman. That, you tell me, is not so. But it's still possible that one or other of your brothers may have done something of the kind. It's possible that this Martine may have had a background that would not stand investigation. She may have assumed that she would be dealing only with Edmund's affectionate sister, not with hard-headed suspicious businessmen."

"She may have hoped to get sums of money out of you for the child (hardly a child now—a boy presumably of 15 or 16) without many questions being asked. But instead she found she was going to run up against something quite different. After all, I should imagine that serious legal aspects would arise. If Edmund Crackenthorpe left a son, born in wedlock, he would be one of the heirs to your grandfather's estate?"

Emma nodded.

"Moreover, from what I have been told, he would in due

course inherit Rutherford Hall and the land around it—very valuable building land, probably, by now."

Emma looked slightly startled.

"Yes, I hadn't thought of that."

"Well, I shouldn't worry," said Inspector Craddock. "You did quite right to come and tell me. I shall make inquiries, but it seems to me highly probable that there is no connection between the woman who wrote the letter (and who was probably trying to cash in on a swindle) and the woman whose body was found in the sarcophagus."

EMMA rose with a sigh of relief.

"I'm so glad I've told you. You've been very kind."

Craddock accompanied her to the door.

Then he rang for Detective-Sergeant Wetherall.

"Bob, I've got a job for you. Go to 126 Elvers Crescent N.10. Take photographs of the Rutherford Hall woman with you. See what you can find out about a woman calling herself Mrs. Crackenthorpe—Mrs. Martine Crackenthorpe, who was either living there, or calling for letters there, between the dates of, say, 15th to the end of December."

"Right, sir."

Craddock busied himself with various other matters that were waiting attention on his desk. In the afternoon he went to see a theatrical agent who was a friend of his. His inquiries were not fruitful.

Later in the day when he returned to his office he found a wire from Paris on his desk.

Particulars given by you might apply to Anna Stravinska of Ballet Maritski. Suggest you come over. Dessin, Prefecture.

Craddock heaved a big sigh of relief, and his brow cleared.

At last! So much, he thought, for the Martine Crackenthorpe here . . . He decided to take the night ferry to Paris.

"It's so very kind of you to have asked me to take tea with

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

you," said Miss Marple to Emma Crackenthorpe.

Miss Marple was looking particularly woolly and fluffy—a picture of a sweet old lady. She beamed as she looked round her—at Harold Crackenthorpe in his well-cut dark suit, at Alfred with a charming smile, at Cedric standing by the mantelpiece in a ragged tweed jacket scowling at the rest of his family.

"We are very pleased that you could come," said Emma politely.

There was no hint of the scene which had taken place after lunch that day when Emma had exclaimed: "Dear me, I quite forgot. I told Miss Eyelesbarrow that she could bring her old aunt to tea to-day."

"Put her off," said Harold brusquely. "We've still got a lot to talk about. We don't want strangers here."

"Let her have tea in the kitchen or somewhere with the girl," said Alfred.

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that," said Emma firmly. "That would be very rude."

"Oh, let her come," said Cedric. "We can draw her out a little about the wonderful Lucy. I should like to know



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CHUCKLERS WEEKLY

EVERY THURSDAY 9d

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JANUARY 15, 1940

Top role to handsome young star

● Tall and handsome, John Gavin, former naval officer, is being hailed today as "an intellectual Rock Hudson" and "another Lew Ayres."

ON the strength of only three minor screen appearances, Universal has boosted the 27-year-old newcomer to stardom in one of the plum acting roles of the year.

This is as the disillusioned young German soldier in "There's a Time To Love," screen version of Erich Maria Remarque's best-selling World War II novel.

What's more, Universal assigned the film its "hottest" director, Douglas Sirk, and allocated it the largest budget for a single picture in its history.

The pictures in which Gavin (6ft. 4in.) made his early appearances were "Behind the Wall," "Four Girls in Town," and "Quantez," none of them important productions.

When "There's a Time To Love" is released later this year, the box-office will tell its own story. But in the meantime Gavin's studio bosses are drawing satisfaction from these two parallels:

● Sirk is widely recognised as having been (beginning with "Magnificent Obsession") the most important influence in Rock Hudson's career.

● Twenty-seven years ago Lew Ayres was a dark, good-looking unknown, who played the soldier in Remarque's World War I "All Quiet on the Western Front," and became a star.

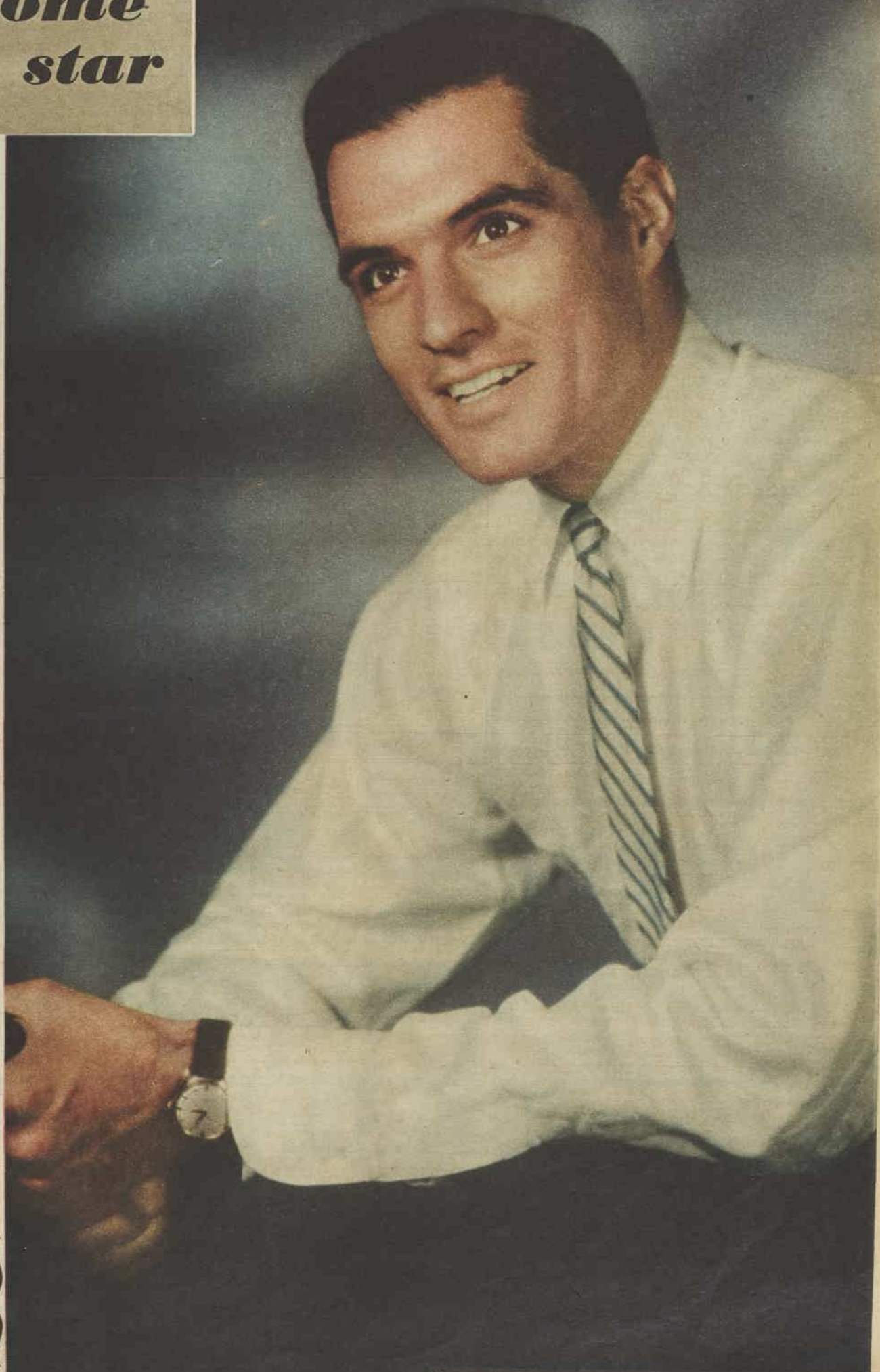
Gavin's early ambition was to enter the diplomatic service, but when he graduated from Stanford University in 1951, he went into the Navy, becoming an Intelligence officer in the carrier U.S.S. Princeton.

After serving in Korean and other Far Eastern waters, he stepped out of naval uniform in June, 1955 (complete with five battle stars and the rank of lieutenant), and into a Universal contract.

With a seven-year contract, Gavin has set out to either become a top star or "get out of the business."

Two days before leaving for Germany to make "There's a Time To Love" with Swiss actress Lisa Pulver, Gavin married Cicely Evans, the daughter of a Los Angeles doctor.

She was the girl he was lunching with when he was offered a screen test.



FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSIE BAKER



Light starch your dress for that crisp, fresh look

Light starching with Robin makes the most of summer dresses, giving them a sparkle, a dainty freshness that lasts and lasts. And thanks to Robin they'll stay cleaner, longer. Fashion and common-sense agree on Robin, the economical starch that makes ironing so much easier.

PLACE MATS—keep cleaner, longer with Robin Starch.
PILLOW CASES—have far more sparkle when light-starched with Robin.



Robin STARCH

keeps things crisper, cleaner, longer

Even white nylon garments need the last rinse in **Reckitt's Blue** for perfect whiteness



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Scholl Soft-grip gives maximum comfort for any leg length; correct support throughout entire length of stocking. Double expansion mesh gives perfect control — is cool, light, ventilated. Near invisible — no seam, hem or ridge — can be worn under finest nylons. Insist on Scholl Soft-grip. From Chemists, Surgical Suppliers, Stores, Scholl Depots.

ALSO ... SCHOLL NYLON SURGICAL HOSIERY

Each week, The Australian Women's Weekly publishes an attractive home plan. These plans can be obtained at the Weekly's Home Planning Centres in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Hobart. The plans are also on sale in Geelong.

SAD SACK SOLDIER

★ Jerry Lewis stars in the Hal Wallis production of "The Sad Sack," based on the famous comic-strip character, featuring the adventures of a trouble-prone U.S. Army private.

Helping Jerry through (and into) his troubles in this Paramount picture are Phyllis Kirk, David Wayne, Liliane Montevecchi, and Joe Mantell. Peter Lorre plays an Arab cut-throat.



1 REGARDED as a U.S. Army misfit, Private Lewis protestingly submits to psychoanalysis treatment by pretty W.A.C. Major Phyllis Kirk, who is assigned the difficult task of converting him into a competent soldier.



3 AFTER spending an evening of celebration in the town, the three mistake the W.A.C. barracks for their own quarters, and sleep the night there under beds. Discovery and punishment come with the morning light.



2 SELF-INTERESTED help of Wayne and Mantell, who befriend Lewis to take advantage of his privileges, leads to trouble with bullying Sergeant Evans.



4 DESERTED by his pals after reaching an African port to collect army rations, Lewis wanders into a Moroccan nightclub and falls for exotic entertainer Liliane.



5 BELIEVING Liliane rejects his love, Lewis leaves to join the Foreign Legion, but is kidnapped en route by Arab thieves.

6 HAPPY ending comes with Phyllis in love with Wayne, Liliane on her way to Lewis' U.S. home, and the boys with decorations.



Ava may play Australian role

Hollywood producer Stanley Kramer is considering Deborah Kerr and Ava Gardner for the role of an Australian girl in the film based on Nevil Shute's best seller, "On the Beach".

A multi-million-dollar production, "On the Beach" will be filmed on location in Australia.

Lauren Bacall "in the gold rush"

At a recent Hollywood film premiere, sultry Lauren Bacall created a sensation, wearing a full-length evening gown of gold lame.

"Gold is so flattering to the complexion," said the lovely star, "and I don't just mean gold lame! New Lux Toilet Soap in gold foil keeps my skin smoother than ever! And I love the new whiteness, and the wonderful new fragrance of New Lux!"

Birthday gift for glamorous Anita

Beautiful Anita Ekberg loves the platinum dinner ring hubby Anthony Steele gave her for her birthday. It's oval shaped and encrusted with 48 diamonds!

"Now I have platinum on my finger and gold in my cupboard," says lovely Anita.

Gold in her cupboard? "New Lux in gold foil," Anita smiles, "bars and bars of it! Now that Lux Toilet Soap is in gold foil, it's more wonderful than ever!"

Stars on a shopping spree!

A small red sports car drew up before a Hollywood supermarket one day last month and out spilled three shapely figures, each carrying a smart shopping bag.

Housewives and salesgirls whipped out pencils and paper and the three shoppers soon found themselves busily signing autographs.

Who were they? Rhonda Fleming, Jean Simmons and Linda Darnell.

What were they shopping for? "Gold!" laughed Linda. New Lux in gold foil.

Hollywood film stars love New Lux in Gold Foil — will you? Now New Lux has come to Australia — read all about it on page 14.

New Film Releases

★ ★ APRIL LOVE

Fox romance, with Pat Boone, Shirley Jones, Arthur O'Connell, Dolores Michaels. In De Luxe color, CinemaScope. Regent, Sydney.

BELIEVE it or not, Pat Boone spends most of his time in this poor man's "Oklahoma!" doing a junior Robert Mitchum act.

He's the Chicago boy caught speeding in a stolen car, who's sent to a country uncle on bond.

Arthur O'Connell, as the uncle, is unwelcoming, not only because young Boone is anything but a winning houseguest but because his own son has been killed fighting in Korea.

But when, with the help of peaches-and-cream Shirley (daughter of a wealthy neighbor), Boone not only learns to drive the dead son's trotter but wins a race with it, Uncle Jed changes his tune.

Boone has improved vastly since "Bernadine," and as a million or so record-buyers know, his straight, relaxed singing of a ballad is a real pleasure.

Smouldering Dolores Michaels is Shirley's sister, and rival for the Chicago visitor.

Audiences aren't nearly as silly as picture producers frequently suppose, and I'm pleased to say that the improbabilities of the horse sequences brought the giggles they deserved.

In a word: **WHOLESOME.**

★ ★ THE JOKER IS WILD

Paramount drama, with Frank Sinatra, Mitzi Gaynor, Jeanne Crain, Eddie Albert. Prince Edward, Sydney.

SINATRA'S stature as an actor grows with every film he makes. In this one he plays a night-

club singer of the prohibition-gangster era who has his vocal cords slashed when he leaves for a better job at a rival nightspot.

Albert (his accompanist) and former child star Jackie Coogan (in a worthwhile comeback) play the two friends who find him years later working as a baggy-pants comic in an obscure New York burlesque house.

Jeanne Crain is the society girl, who doesn't wait for Sinatra to beat his drinking, and Mitzi Gaynor the pert show-girl, who gets him on the rebound.

Newcomer Beverly Garland does a nice job as Albert's understanding wife.

It's a little long, and there's nothing so very new. But it's worth seeing for the fine performance of the top star.

In a word: **SINATRA.**

★ THE BRAVE ONE

R.K.O. Mexican drama, with Michael Ray. In technicolor, CinemaScope. Esquire, Sydney.

THE high artistic intentions of independent producers the King Brothers don't quite come off in this quaintly charming but rather thin film.

The story tells of a small Mexican boy, son of an illiterate countryman, and his efforts to save from the bullring the young fighting bull he has raised from birth.

The faults are stilted dialogue and the inept and unnecessary introduction of some Mexican smart-set characters, among whom is a young Hollywood blond lady who saves her brightest camera smile for the moment an amateur matador is being gored.

The photography of the Mexican countryside is often beautiful and exciting, but the lovely effect of the boy running across an empty skyline is repeated until it becomes monotonous.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

Young Michael Ray makes a huge success of the boy who intercedes with the President of Mexico on behalf of his pet.

Michael's frantic search on foot for the President in Mexico City provides a capsule tour of a brilliant and fascinating capital.

In a word: **QUAINT.**

★ CARRY ON, ADMIRAL

Universal's British naval comedy, with David Tomlinson, Brian Reece, A. E. Matthews. Embassy, Sydney.

BITRAN'S prized tradition for subtle comedy isn't exactly enhanced by this piece based on an ancient Ian Hay-Stephen King Hall stage play, "Off The Record."

In fact, a curiously old-fashioned atmosphere hangs over the whole undertaking, with the two girls, Eunice Gayson and Peggy Cummins, approaching their roles exactly as though they were playing in some dated musical comedy.

However, this isn't to say that there's not a good deal of amusement to be extracted from the misadventures of an ambitious Parliamentary Secretary to the First Sea Lord (Tomlinson), who's mistaken for the new commander of an R.N. ship, and with due ceremony is piped aboard.

Unskillfully handled though it is, one of the funniest episodes is where Tomlinson tries to convince a naval psychiatrist that he doesn't belong to the Navy.

Brian Reece plays the real naval officer, who finds himself having to pretend that he's the Parliamentary Secretary. Neither of these gentlemen is exactly a charmer, but they tackle their roles with a friendly enthusiasm.

In a word: **LABORED.**



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(The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.)

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Eugene COLD WAVE

SCIENCE FACTS— About tides

THE earth has two kinds of tides — ocean tides and tides in the atmosphere.

Ocean tides are caused by the gravitational pull of the moon; the sun has little influence.

As the earth spins, the oceans facing the moon receive more gravitational pull than the centre of the earth, and so heap up at the point nearest the moon.

At the same time the oceans on the other side of the earth, and farthest away from the moon, receive less moon pull and try to flow away from the moon and off the earth.

This causes them to heap up at the point farthest away from the moon.

This heaping-up action on opposite sides of the earth causes high tides.

Half-way between the two high-tide regions, which are constantly changing because of the spin of the earth, are the low-tide regions.

This is an over-simplification, because land masses obstruct the free flow of ocean water and cause extremely high

tides in some areas and practically no tides in other areas.

Atmospheric tides occur in much the same way and for the same reasons.

Near the earth, tidal movements in the atmosphere are slight, but 50 to 100 miles up curious things happen.

As the earth is a gigantic magnet, its magnetic field is not only an aid to navigation by lining up compass needles north and south, but it extends into the atmosphere and beyond, where it protects us by deflecting blasts of hot gas coming from the sun.

When atmospheric tides move through the earth's magnetic field, this movement produces currents of electricity.

The same thing happens in a generator when copper wire, spinning in a magnetic field, creates the electricity which lights your home.

It is the electric currents generated in the earth's atmosphere which alter the earth's magnetic field and cause those mysterious changes in compass direction which have puzzled navigators for centuries.

A new kind of deodorant that is easy to apply



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- Won't irritate normal skin!

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MRI

THE FACES OF BRANDO



COARSE-FIBRED, brawling dock worker of "On the Waterfront."



WHIMSICAL humorist, Sakini, of "The Teahouse of the August Moon."



BROODING empire builder Napoleon Bonaparte of "Desiree."

IMPERIAL, broad-browed Mark Antony (below) of "Julius Caesar."



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 15, 1958

★ Beginning with "A Streetcar Named Desire" in 1952, Marlon Brando has gone on to play a succession of widely differing roles that have included a Roman emperor, a Mexican bandit, a Japanese interpreter, and, in his latest film, a Nazi soldier. Marlon's ability to change his looks to suit his part is shown by these ten character studies from past and coming films.



SQUARE-JAWED, heavy-lipped, and flat-nosed (above), Brando appears the typical Nazi in his newest film, "The Young Lions."

EXUDING an animallike sensuality in "A Streetcar Named Desire" (below), Brando first won rave notices.



WORLDLY WISE, slick Broadway gambler of musical "Guys and Dolls."



MOODY, nerve-shattered, combat flier of coming "Sayonara."



SOMBRE face (above) of the Mexican bandit in "Viva Zapata."

TOUGH, anti-social leader of a motor-cycling gang (below) of "The Wild One."



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the most active insect killer of all. Bring this deadly, new insect killer into your home to bring instant death to the insect pests that menace health and peace of mind.

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COLGATE'S NEW SUPER KAN-KIL

KILLS MORE FLIES, MOSQUITOES, ANTS, FLEAS, COCKROACHES AND ALL INSECT PESTS FOR LESS MONEY

Continuing . . . **4.50 From Paddington**

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more about that girl, I must say. I'm not sure that I trust her. Too smart by half."

"She's very well connected and quite genuine," said Harold. "I've made it my business to find out. One wanted to be sure. Poking about and finding the body the way she did."

"If we only knew who this damned woman was," said Alfred.

Harold added angrily: "I must say, Emma, that I think you were out of your senses, going and suggesting to the police that the dead woman might be Edmund's French girl-friend. It will make them convinced that she came here, and that probably one or other of us killed her."

"Oh, no, Harold. Don't exaggerate."

"Harold's quite right," said Alfred. "Whatever possessed you, I don't know. I've a feeling I'm being followed everywhere I go by plainclothes men."

"I told her not to do it," said Cedric. "Then Quimper backed her up."

"It's no business of his," said Harold angrily. "Let him stick to pills and powders and National Health."

"Oh, do stop quarrelling," said Emma wearily. "I'm really glad this old Miss Whatsher-name is coming to tea. It will do us all good to have a stranger here and be prevented from going over and over the same things again and again. I must go and tidy myself up a little."

She left the room.

"This Lucy Eyesbarrow," said Harold, and stopped. "As Cedric says, it is odd that she should nose about in the barn and go opening up a sarcophagus—really a Herculean task. Perhaps we ought to take steps. Her attitude, I thought, was rather antagonistic at lunch—"

"Leave her to me," said Alfred. "I'll soon find out if she's up to anything."

"I mean, why open up that sarcophagus?"

"Perhaps she isn't really Lucy Eyesbarrow at all," suggested Cedric.

"But what would be the point?" Harold looked thoroughly upset. "Oh, damn!"

They looked at each other with worried faces.

"And here's this pestilential old woman coming to tea. Just when we want to think."

"We'll talk things over this evening," said Alfred. "In the meantime, we'll pump the old aunt about Lucy."

So Miss Marple had duly been fetched by Lucy and she was now smiling up at Alfred as he handed her sandwiches with the approval she always showed towards a good-looking man.

"Thank you so much . . . May I ask . . . ? Oh, egg and sardine, yes, that will be very nice. I'm afraid I'm always rather greedy over my tea. As one gets on, you know . . . And, of course, at night only a very light meal . . . I have to be careful."

She turned to her hostess once more. "What a beautiful house you have. And so many beautiful things in it. Those bronzes, now, they remind me of some my father bought—at the Paris Exhibition. Really, your grandfather did? In the classical style, aren't they? Very handsome. How delightful for you having your brothers with you? So often families are scattered—India, though I suppose that is all done with now—and Africa—the west coast, such a bad climate."

"Two of my brothers live in London."

"That is very nice for you." "But my brother Cedric is a painter and lives in Iviza, one of the Balearic Islands."

"Painters are so fond of islands, are they not?" said Miss Marple. "Chopin—that was Majorca, was it not? But he was a musician. It is Gauguin I am thinking of. A sad life—misspent, one feels. I myself never really care for paintings of native women—and although I know he is very much admired—I have never cared for the lurid mustard color. One really feels quite bilious looking at his pictures."

She eyed Cedric with a slightly disapproving air.

"Tell us about Lucy as a child, Miss Marple," said Cedric.

She smiled up at him delightedly.

"Lucy was always so clever," she said. "Yes, you were, dear—now don't interrupt. Quite remarkable at arithmetic. Why, I remember when the butcher overcharged me for topside of beef . . ."

Miss Marple launched full steam ahead into reminiscences of Lucy's childhood and from there to experiences of her own in village life.

THE stream of reminiscence was interrupted by the entry of Bryan and the boys, rather wet and dirty as a result of an enthusiastic search for clues. Fresh tea was brought in and with it came Dr. Quimper, who raised his eyebrows slightly as he looked round after acknowledging his introduction to the old lady.

"Hope your father's not under the weather, Emma?"

"Oh, no—that is, he was just a little tired this afternoon—"

"Avoiding visitors, I expect," said Miss Marple with a roguish smile. "How well I remember my own dear father. 'Got a lot of old women coming?' he would say to my mother. 'Send my tea into the study.' Very naughty about it, he was."

"Please don't think—" began Emma, but Cedric cut in.

"It's always tea in the study when his dear sons come down. Psychologically to be expected, er, Doctor?"

Dr. Quimper, who was devouring sandwiches and coffee cake with the frank appreciation of a man who has usually too little time to spend on his meals, said:

"Psychology's all right if it's left to the psychologists. Trouble is, everyone is an amateur psychologist nowadays. My patients tell me exactly what complexes and neuroses they're suffering from, without giving me a chance to tell them. Thanks, Emma, I will have another cup. No time for lunch today."

"A doctor's life, I always think, is so noble and self-sacrificing," said Miss Marple.

"You can't know many doctors," said Dr. Quimper. "Leeches they used to be called, and leeches they often are! At any rate, we do get paid nowadays, the State sees to that. No sending in of bills that you know won't ever be met. Trouble is that all one's patients are determined to get everything they can 'out of the Government,' and as a result, if little Jenny coughs twice in the night, or little Tommy eats a couple of green apples, out the poor doctor has to come in the middle of the night. Oh, well! Glorious cake, Emma. What a cook you are!"

"Not mine. Miss Eyesbarrow's."

"You make 'em just as good," said Quimper loyally.

"Will you come and see Father?"

She rose and the doctor followed her. Miss Marple watched them leave the room.

"Miss Crackenthorpe is a very devoted daughter, I see," she said.

"Can't imagine how she sticks the old man, myself," said the outspoken Cedric.

"She has a very comfortable home here, and Father is very much attached to her," said Harold quickly.

"Em's all right," said Cedric. "Born to be an old maid."

There was a faint twinkle in Miss Marple's eye as she said:

"Oh, do you think so?"

Harold said quickly:

"My brother didn't use the term old maid in any derogatory sense, Miss Marple."

"Oh, I wasn't offended," said Miss Marple. "I just wondered if he was right. I shouldn't say myself that Miss Crackenthorpe would be an old maid. She's the type, I think, that's quite likely to marry late in life—and make a success of it."

"Not very likely living here," said Cedric. "Never sees anybody she could marry."

Miss Marple's twinkle became more pronounced than ever. "There are always clergymen—and doctors."

Her eyes, gentle and mischievous, went from one to another.

It was clear that she had suggested to them something that they had never thought of and which they did not find overpleasing.

Miss Marple rose to her feet, dropping, as she did so, several little woolly scarves and her bag.

The three brothers were most attentive picking things up. "So kind of you," fluted Miss Marple. "Oh, yes, and my little blue muffler. Yes—as I say—so kind to ask me here. I've been picturing, you know, just what your home was like—that I can visualise dear Lucy working here."

"Perfect home conditions—with murder thrown in," said Cedric.

"Cedric!" Harold's voice was angry.

Miss Marple smiled up at Cedric.

"Do you know who you remind me of? Young Thomas Eade, our bank manager's son. Always out to shock people. I didn't do in banking circles, of course, so he went to the West Indies . . . He came home when his father died and inherited quite a lot of money. So nice for him. He was always better at spending money than making it."

Lucy took Miss Marple home. On her way back a figure stepped out of the darkness and stood in the glare of the headlights just as she was about to turn into the back lane. He held up his hand and Lucy recognised Alfred Crackenthorpe.

"That's better," he observed as he got in. "Brrr, it's cold! I'd like a nice bracing walk. I didn't. Taken the old lady home all right?"

"Yes. She enjoyed herself very much."

"One could see that. Funny what a taste old ladies have for any kind of society, however dull. And, really, nothing could be duller than Rutherford Hall. Two of them here is about as much as I can stand. How do you manage to stick it out, Lucy? Don't mind if I call you Lucy, do you?"

"Not at all. I don't find it dull. Of course with me it's not a permanency."

"I've been watching you—you're a smart girl, Lucy, smart to waste yourself cooking and cleaning."

"Thank you, I prefer cooking and cleaning to the desk."

"So would I. But there"

To page 57

other ways of living. You could be a freelance."

"I am."

"Not this way. I mean, working for yourself, pitting your wits against—"

"Against what?"

"The powers that be! All the silly pettifoggery rules and regulations that hamper us all nowadays. The interesting thing is there's always a way round them if you're smart enough to find it. And you're smart. Come, now, does this idea appeal to you?"

"Possibly."

Lucy manoeuvred the car into the stable yard.

"Not going to commit yourself?"

"I'd have to hear more."

"Frankly, my dear girl, I could use you. You've got the sort of manner that's invaluable—creates confidence."

"Do you want me to help you sell gold bricks?"

"Nothing so risky. Just a little by-passing of the law—no more." His hand slipped up her arm. "You're an attractive girl, Lucy. I'd like you as a partner."

"I'm flattered."

"Meaning nothing doing? Think about it. Think of the fun, the pleasure you'd get out of outwitting all the sobersides. The trouble is, one needs capital."

"I'm afraid I haven't got any."

"Oh, it wasn't a touch! I'll be laying my hands on some before long. My revered Papa can't live for ever, mean old brute. When he pops off I lay my hands on some real money. What about it, Lucy?"

"What are the terms?"

"Marriage if you fancy it. Women seem to, no matter how advanced and self-supporting they are. Besides, married women can't be made to give evidence against their husbands."

"Not so flattering!"

"Come off it, Lucy! Don't you realise I've fallen for you?"

Rather to her surprise, Lucy was aware of a queer fascination. There was a quality of charm about Alfred, perhaps

Continuing . . . 4.50 From Paddington

[from page 56]

due to sheer animal magnetism. She laughed and slipped from his encircling arm.

"There is no time for dalliance. There's dinner to think about."

"So there is, Lucy, and you're a lovely cook. What's for dinner?"

"Wait and see! You're as bad as the boys!"

They entered the house and Lucy hurried to the kitchen. She was rather surprised to be interrupted in her preparations by Harold Crackenthorpe.

"Miss Eyclesbarrow, can I speak to you about something?"

"Would later do, Mr. Crackenthorpe? I'm rather behind hand."

"Certainly, certainly. After dinner?"

"Yes, that will do."

Dinner was duly served and appreciated. Lucy finished washing up and came out into the hall to find Harold Crackenthorpe waiting for her.

"Yes, Mr. Crackenthorpe?"

"Shall we come in here?" He opened the door of the drawing-room and led the way. He shut the door behind her.

"I shall be leaving early in the morning," he explained, "but I want to tell you how struck I have been by your ability."

"Thank you," said Lucy, feeling a little surprised.

"I feel that your talents are wasted here—definitely wasted."

"Do you? I don't."

At any rate, he can't ask me to marry him, thought Lucy. He's got a wife already.

"I suggest that, having very kindly seen us through this lamentable crisis, you call on me in London. If you will ring up and make an appointment, I will leave instructions with my secretary. The truth is that we could use someone of your outstanding ability in the firm. We could discuss fully in what field your talents would be most ably employed. I can offer you, Miss Eyclesbarrow, a very good salary indeed with bril-

liant prospects. I think you will be agreeably surprised."

His smile was magnanimous. Lucy said demurely: "Thank you, Mr. Crackenthorpe. I'll think about it."

"Don't wait too long. These opportunities should not be missed by a young woman anxious to make her way in the world."

Again his teeth flashed.

"Goodnight, Miss Eyclesbarrow. Sleep well."

"Well," said Lucy to herself, "well . . . this is all very interesting . . ."

ON her way up to bed Lucy encountered Cedric on the stairs.

"Look here, Lucy, there's something I want to say to you."

"Do you want me to marry you and come to Iviza and look after you?"

Cedric looked very much taken aback, and slightly alarmed.

"I never thought of such a thing."

"Sorry. My mistake."

"I just wanted to know if you've a timetable in the house?"

"Is that all? There's one on the hall table."

"You know," said Cedric reprovingly, "you shouldn't go about thinking everyone wants to marry you. You're quite a good-looking girl, but not as good-looking as all that. There's a name for that sort of thing—it grows on you and you get worse. Actually, you're the last girl in the world I should care to marry. The last girl."

"Indeed?" said Lucy. "You needn't rub it in. Perhaps you'd prefer me as a step-mother?"

"What's that?" Cedric stared at her, stupefied.

"You heard me," said Lucy,

and went into her room and shut the door.

Dermot Craddock was fraternising with Armand Dessin, of the Paris Prefecture. The two men had met on one or two occasions and got on well together. Since Craddock spoke French fluently, most of their conversation was conducted in that language.

"It is an idea only," Dessin warned him. "I have a picture here of the corps de ballet—that is she, the fourth from the left—it says anything to you, yes?"

Inspector Craddock said that actually it didn't. A stranded young woman is not easy to recognise, and in this picture all the young women concerned were heavily made up and were wearing extravagant bird head-dresses.

"It could be," he said. "I can't go further than that. Who was she? What do you know about her?"

"Almost less than nothing," said the other cheerfully. "She was not important, you see. And the Ballet Maritski—it is not important, either. It plays in suburban theatres and goes on tour—it has no real names, no stars, no famous ballerinas. But I will take you to see Madame Joliet, who runs it."

Madame Joliet was a brisk businesslike Frenchwoman with a shrewd eye, a small moustache, and a good deal of adipose tissue.

"Me, I do not like the police!" She scowled at them, without camouflaging her dislike of the visit. "Always, if they can, they make me embarrassments."

"No, no, Madame, you must not say that," said Dessin, who was a tall, thin, melancholy looking man. "When have I ever caused you embarrassments?"

"Over that little fool who drank the carbolic acid," said Madame Joliet promptly. "And all because she has fallen in

love with the chef d'orchestre—who does not care for her. Over that you made the big brouhaha! Which is not good for my beautiful ballet."

"On the contrary, big box-office business," said Dessin. "And that was three years ago. You should not bear malice. Now about this girl, Anna Stravinska."

"Well, what about her?" said Madame Joliet.

"Is she Russian?" asked Inspector Craddock.

"No, indeed. You mean, because of her name? But they call themselves names like that, these girls. She was not important, she did not dance well, she was not particularly good-looking. She danced well enough for the corps de ballet—but no solos."

"Was she French?"

"Perhaps. She had a French passport. But she told me once that she had an English husband."

"She told you that she had an English husband? Alive—or dead?"

Madame Joliet shrugged her shoulders.

"Dead, or he had left her. How should I know which? These girls—there is always some trouble with men."

"When did you last see her?"

"I take my company to London for six weeks. We play at Torquay, at Bournemouth, at Eastbourne, at somewhere else I forget and at Hammersmith. Then we come back to France, but Anna—she does not come. She sends a message only that she leaves the company to live with her husband's family—some nonsense of that kind. I did not think it is true myself. I think it more likely that she has met a man, you understand."

Inspector Craddock nodded. He perceived that that was what Madame Joliet would invariably think.

"And it is no loss to me. I do not care. I can get girls just as good and better to come and dance, so I shrug the shoulders and do not think of it any more. Why should I? They are all the same, these girls, mad about men."

"What date was this?"

"When we return to France? It was—yes—the Sunday before Christmas. And Anna she leaves two—or is it three—days before that? I cannot remember exactly . . . But the end of the week at Hammersmith we have to dance without her—and it means rearranging things . . . It was very naughty of her—but these girls—the moment they meet a man they are all the same. Only I say to everybody, 'Zut, I do not take her back, that one!'"

"Very annoying for you."

"Ah! Me—I do not care. No doubt she passes the Christmas holiday with some man she has picked up. It is not my affair. I can find other girls—girls who will leap at the chance of dancing in the Ballet Maritski and who can dance as well or better than Anna."

Madame Joliet paused and then asked with a sudden gleam of interest:

"Why do you want to find her? Has she come into money?"

"On the contrary," said Inspector Craddock politely. "We think she may have been murdered."

Madame Joliet relapsed into indifference.

"It happens. Ah, well! She was a good Catholic. She went to Mass on Sundays, and no doubt to confession."

"Did she ever speak to you, Madame, of a son?"

"A son? Do you mean she had a child? That, now, I should consider most unlikely."

"She may have had a child before she adopted a stage life," said Craddock. "During the war, for instance."

"Ah! dans la guerre. That is always possible. But if so, I know nothing about it."

"Who among the other girls were her closest friends?"

"I can give you two or three names—but she was not very intimate with anyone."

They could get nothing else useful from Madame Joliet.

Shown the compact, she said Anna had one of that kind,

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but so had most of the other girls. Anna had perhaps bought a fur in London—she did not know. "Me, I occupy myself with the rehearsals, with the stage lighting, with all the difficulties of my business. I have not time to notice what my artists wear."

After Madame Joliet, they interviewed the girls whose names she had given them. One or two of them had known Anna fairly well, but they all said that she had not been one to talk much about herself, and that when she did, it was, so one said, mostly lies.

"She liked to pretend things—stories about having been the mistress of a Grand Duke—or of a great English financier—or how she worked for the Resistance in the war. Even a story about being a film star in Hollywood."

Another girl said:

"I think that really she had had a very tame bourgeois existence. She liked to be in ballet because she thought it was romantic, but she was not a good dancer. You understand that if she were to say, 'My father was a draper in Amiens,' that would not be romantic! So instead she made up things."

"Even in London," said the first girl, "she threw out hints about a very rich man who was going to take her on a cruise round the world, because she reminded him of his dead daughter who had died in a car accident. What a joke!"

"She told me she was going to stay with a rich lord in Scotland," said the second girl. "She said she would shoot the deer there."

None of this was helpful. All that seemed to emerge from it was that Anna Stravinska was a proficient liar. She was certainly not shooting deer with a peer in Scotland, and it seemed equally unlikely that she was on the sun deck of a liner cruising round the world. But neither was there any real reason to believe that her body had been found in a sarcophagus at Ruthford Hall. The identification by the girls and

Continuing . . . 4.50 From Paddington

[from page 57]

Madame Joliet was very uncertain and hesitating. It looked something like Anna, they all agreed. But really! All swollen up—it might be anybody!

The only fact that was established was that on the 19th of December Anna Stravinska had decided not to return to France, and that on the 20th of December a woman resembling her in appearance had travelled to Brackhampton by the 4.33 train and had been strangled.

If the woman in the sarcophagus was not Anna Stravinska, where was Anna now?

To that, Madame Joliet's answer was simple and inevitable.

"With a man!"

And it was probably the correct answer, Craddock reflected ruefully.

One other possibility had to be considered—raised by the casual remark that Anna had once referred to having an English husband.

Had that husband been Edmund Crackenthorpe?

IT seemed unlikely, considering the word picture of Anna that had been given him by those who knew her. What was much more probable was that Anna had at one time known the girl Martine sufficiently intimately to be acquainted with the necessary details.

It might have been Anna who wrote that letter to Emma Crackenthorpe and, if so, Anna would have been quite likely to have taken fright at any question of an investigation. Perhaps she had even thought it prudent to sever her connection with the Ballet Mariuski. Again, where was she now?

And again, inevitably, Madame Joliet's answer seemed the most likely.

With a man . . . Before leaving Paris, Craddock discussed with Dessin the question of the woman named Martine. Dessin was inclined to agree with his English colleague that the matter had probably no connection with the woman found in the sarcophagus. All the same, he agreed, the matter ought to be investigated.

He assured Craddock that the Surete would do their best to discover if there actually was any record of a marriage between Lieutenant Edmund Crackenthorpe of the 4th Southshire Regiment and a French girl whose Christian name was Martine. Time—just prior to the fall of Dunkirk.

He warned Craddock, however, that a definite answer was doubtful. The area in question had not only been occupied by the Germans at almost exactly that time, but subsequently that part of France had suffered severe war damage at the time of the invasion. Many buildings and records had been destroyed.

"But rest assured, my dear colleague, we shall do our best."

With this, he and Craddock took leave of each other.

On Craddock's return Sergeant Wetherall was waiting to report with gloomy relish:

"Accommodation address, sir—that's what 126 Elvers Crescent is. Quite respectable and all that."

"Any identifications?"

"No, nobody could recognise the photograph as that of a woman who had called for letters, but I don't think they would anyway—it's a month ago, very near, and a good many people use the place. It's

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actually a boarding-house for students."

"She might have stayed there under another name."

"If so, they didn't recognise her as the original of the photograph."

He added: "We circularised the hotels—nobody registering as Martine Crackenthorpe anywhere. On receipt of your call from Paris, we checked up on Anna Stravinska. She was registered with other members of the company in a cheap hotel off Brook Green. Mostly theatricals there. She cleared out on the night of Thursday 19th after the show. No further record."

Craddock nodded. He suggested a line of further inquiries—though he had little hopes of success from them.

After some thought, he rang up Wimborne, Henderson, and Carstairs and asked for an appointment with Mr. Wimborne.

In due course, he was ushered into a particularly airless room where Mr. Wimborne was sitting behind a large old-fashioned desk covered with bundles of dusty-looking papers. Various deed boxes labelled Sir John fouldes, dec. Lady Derin, George Rowbotham, Esq., ornamented the walls; whether as relics of a bygone era or as part of present-day legal affairs, the Inspector did not know.

Mr. Wimborne eyed his visitor with polite wryness characteristic of a family lawyer towards the police.

"What can I do for you, Inspector?"

"This letter . . ." Craddock pushed Martine's letter across the table. Mr. Wimborne touched it with a distasteful finger but did not pick it up. His color rose very slightly and his lips tightened.

"Quite so," he said; "quite so! I received a letter from Miss Emma Crackenthorpe yesterday morning, informing me of her visit to Scotland Yard and of—ah—all the circumstances. I may say that I am at a loss to understand—quite at a loss—why I was not consulted about this letter at the time of its arrival! Most extraordinary! I should have been informed immediately . . ."

Inspector Craddock repeated soothingly such platitudes as seemed best calculated to reduce Mr. Wimborne to an amenable frame of mind.

"I'd no idea that there was ever any question of Edmund's having married," said Mr. Wimborne in an injured voice.

Inspector Craddock said that he supposed—in war time—and left it to trail away vaguely.

"War time!" snapped Mr. Wimborne with waspish acerbity. "Yes, indeed, we were in Lincoln's Inn Fields at the outbreak of war and there was a direct hit on the house next door, and a great number of our records were destroyed. Not the really important documents, of course; they had been removed to the country for safety. But it caused a great deal of confusion."

"Of course, the Crackenthorpe business was in my father's hands at that time. He died six years ago. I dare say he may have been told about this so-called marriage of Edmund's—but on the face of it, it looks as though that marriage, even if contemplated, never took place, and so, no doubt, my father did not consider the story of any importance. I must say, all this sounds very fishy to me. This coming forward, after all these years, and claiming a marriage and a legitimate son. Very

fishy indeed. What proofs had she got, I'd like to know?"

"Just so," said Craddock. "What would her position or her son's position be?"

"The idea was, I suppose, that she would get the Crackenthorpes to provide for her and for the boy."

"Yes, but I meant, what would she and the son be entitled to, legally speaking—if she could prove her claim?"

"Oh, I see." Mr. Wimborne picked up his spectacles which he had laid aside in his irritation, and put them on, staring through them at Inspector Craddock with shrewd attention.

"Well, at the moment, nothing. But if she could prove that the boy was the son of Edmund Crackenthorpe, born in lawful wedlock, then the boy would be entitled to his share of Josiah Crackenthorpe's trust on the death of Luther Crackenthorpe. More than that, he'd inherit Ruthford Hall, since he's the son of the eldest son."

"Would anyone want to inherit the house?"

"To live in? I should say, certainly not. But that estate, my dear Inspector, is worth a considerable amount of money. Very considerable. Land for industrial and building purposes. Land which is now in the heart of Brackhampton. Oh, yes, a very considerable inheritance."

"If Luther Crackenthorpe dies, I believe you told me that Cedric gets it?"

"He inherits the real-estate—yes, as the eldest surviving son."

"Cedric Crackenthorpe, I have been given to understand, is not interested in money?"

Mr. Wimborne gave Craddock a cold stare.

"Indeed? I am inclined, myself, to take statements of such a nature with what I might term a grain of salt. There are doubtless certain unworldly people who are indifferent to money. I myself have never met one."

Mr. Wimborne obviously derived a certain satisfaction from this remark.

Inspector Craddock hastened to take advantage of this ray of sunshine.

"Harold and Alfred Crackenthorpe," he ventured, "seem to have been a good deal upset by the arrival of this letter?"

"Well they might be," said Mr. Wimborne. "Well they might be."

"It would reduce their eventual inheritance?"

"Certainly. Edmund Crackenthorpe's son—always pre-

suming there is a son—would be entitled to a fifth share of the trust money."

"That doesn't really seem a very serious loss?"

Mr. Wimborne gave him a shrewd glance.

"It is a totally inadequate motive for murder, if that is what you mean."

"But I suppose they're both pretty hard up," Craddock murmured.

He sustained Mr. Wimborne's sharp glance with perfect impassivity.

"Oh! So the police have been making inquiries? Yes, Alfred is almost incessantly in low water. Occasionally he is very flush of money for a short time—but it soon goes. Harold, as you seem to have discovered, is at present somewhat precariously situated."

"In spite of his appearance of financial prosperity?"

"Facade. All facade! Half these city concerns don't even know if they're solvent or not. Balance sheets can be made to look all right to the inexperienced eye. But when the assets that are listed aren't really assets—when those assets are trembling on the brink of a crash—where are you?"

"Where, presumably, Harold Crackenthorpe is, in bad need of money."

"Well, he wouldn't have got it by strangling his late brother's widow," said Mr. Wimborne. "And nobody's murdered Luther Crackenthorpe, which is the only murder that would do the family any good. So, really, Inspector, I don't quite see where your ideas are leading you?"

The worst of it was, Inspector Craddock thought, that he wasn't very sure himself.

INSPECTOR CRADDOCK had made an appointment with Harold Crackenthorpe at his office, and he and Sergeant Wetherall arrived there punctually. The office was on the fourth floor of a big block of city offices. Inside everything showed prosperity and the acme of modern business taste.

A neat young woman took his name, spoke in a discreet murmur through a telephone, and then, rising, showed them into Harold Crackenthorpe's private office.

Harold was sitting behind a large leather-topped desk and was looking as impeccable and self-confident as ever. If, as the Inspector's private knowledge led him to surmise, he was close upon Queer Street, no trace of it showed.

He looked up with a frank welcoming interest.

"Good morning, Inspector Craddock. I hope this means that you have some definite news for us at last?"

"Hardly that, I am afraid, Mr. Crackenthorpe. It's just a few more questions I'd like to ask."

"More questions? Surely by now we have answered everything imaginable."

"I dare say it feels like that to you, Mr. Crackenthorpe, but it's just a question of our regular routine."

"Well, what is it this time?" He spoke impatiently.

"I should be glad if you could tell me exactly what you were doing on the afternoon and evening of December 20 last—say between the hours of 3 p.m. and midnight."

Harold Crackenthorpe went an angry shade of plum-red.

"That seems to be a most extraordinary question to ask me. What does it mean, I should like to know?"

Craddock smiled gently. "It just means that I should like to know where you were between the hours of 3 p.m. and midnight on Friday, December 20."

"Why?"

"It would help to narrow things down."

"Narrow them down? You have extra information, then?"

"We hope that we're getting a little closer, sir."

"I'm not at all sure that I ought to answer your question. Not that, is without having my solicitor present."

"That, of course, is entirely up to you," said Craddock.

"You are not bound to answer any questions, and you have a perfect right to have a solicitor present before you do so."

"You are not—let me be quite clear—er—warning me in any way?"

"Oh, no, sir," Inspector Craddock looked properly shocked. "Nothing of that kind. The question I am asking you, I am asking of several other people as well. There's nothing directly personal about this. It's just a matter of necessary eliminations."

"Well, of course—I'm anxious to assist in any way I can. Let me see now. Such a thing isn't easy to answer offhand, but we're very systematic here. Miss Ellis, I expect, can help."

He spoke briefly into one of the telephones on his desk and almost immediately a streamlined young woman in a well-cut black suit entered with a notebook.

"My secretary, Miss Ellis, Inspector Craddock. Now, Miss Ellis, the Inspector would like to know what I was doing on

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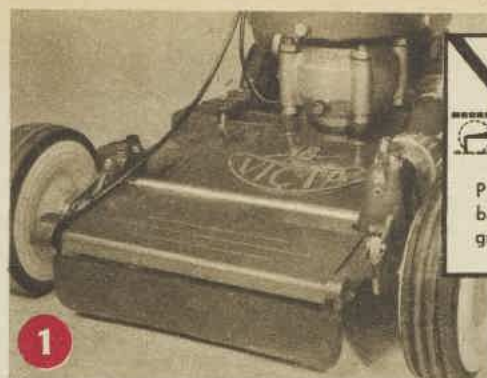
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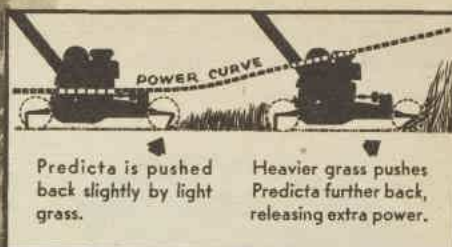
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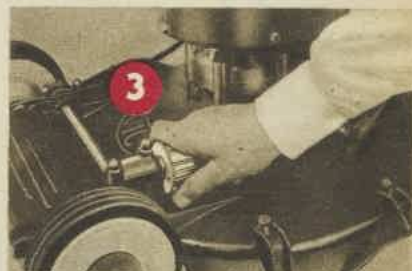
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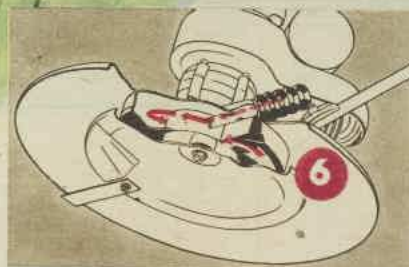
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the afternoon and evening of —what was the date?"

"Friday, December 20."

"Friday, December 20. I expect you will have some record."

"Oh, yes." Miss Ellis left the room, returned with an office memorandum calendar and turned the pages.

"You were in the office on the morning of December 20. You had a conference with Mr. Goldie about the Cromatic merger, you lunched with Lord Forthville at the Berkeley—"

"Ah, it was that day, yes."

"You returned to the office at about 3 o'clock and dictated half a dozen letters. You then left to attend Sotheby's sale rooms where you were interested in some rare manuscripts which were coming up for sale that day. You did not return to the office again, but I have a note to remind you that you were attending the Catering Club dinner that evening." She looked up interrogatively.

"Thank you, Miss Ellis."

Miss Ellis glided from the room.

"That is all quite clear in my mind," said Harold. "I went to Sotheby's that afternoon but the items I wanted there went for far too high a price. I had tea in a small place in Jermyn Street—Russells, I think, it is called. I dropped into a News Theatre for about half an hour or so, then went home—I live at 43 Cardigan Gardens. The Catering Club dinner took place at seven-thirty at Caterers' Hall, and after it I returned home to bed. I think that should answer your questions."

"That's all very clear, Mr. Crackenthorpe. What time was it when you returned home to dress?"

"I don't think I can remember exactly. Soon after six, I should think."

"And after the dinner?"

"It was, I think, half-past eleven when I got home."

"Did your manservant let you in? Or perhaps Lady Alice Crackenthorpe?"

"My wife, Lady Alice, is abroad in the South of France and has been since early in December. I let myself in with my latch key."

"So there is no one who can vouch for your returning home when you said you did?"

Harold gave him a cold stare. "I dare say the servants heard me come in. I have a man and wife. But, really, Inspector—"

"Please, Mr. Crackenthorpe, I know these kind of questions are annoying, but I have nearly finished. Do you own a car?"

"Yes, a Humber Hawk."

"You drive it yourself?"

"Yes. I don't use it much except at weekends. Driving in London is quite impossible nowadays."

"I presume you use it when you go down to see your father and sister at Brackhampton?"

"Not unless I am going to stay there for some length of time. If I just go down for the night—as, for instance, to the inquest the other day—I always go by train. There is an excellent train service and it is far quicker than going by car. The car my sister hires meets me at the station."

"Where do you keep your car?"

"I rent a garage in the Mews behind Cardigan Gardens. Any more questions?"

"I think that's all for now," said Inspector Craddock, smiling and rising. "I'm very sorry for having to bother you."

When they were outside Sergeant Wetherall, a man who lived in a state of dark suspicion of all and sundry, remarked meaningfully: "He didn't like those questions—didn't like them at all. Put out, he was."

"If you have not committed a murder it naturally annoys

Continuing . . . 4.50 From Paddington

[from page 58]

you if it seems someone thinks that you have," said Inspector Craddock mildly. "It would particularly annoy an ultra-respectable man like Harold Crackenthorpe. There's nothing in that. What we've got to find out now is if anyone actually saw Harold Crackenthorpe at the sale that afternoon, and the same applies to the tea-shop place."

"He could easily have travelled by the 4.33, pushed the woman out of the train, and caught a train back to London in time to appear at the dinner. In the same way, he could have driven his car down that night, moved the body to the sarcophagus, and driven back again. Make inquiries in the Mews."

"Yes, sir. Do you think that's what he did do?"

"How do I know?" asked Inspector Craddock. "He's a tall, dark man. He could have been on that train, and he's got a connection with Rutherford Hall. He's a possible suspect in this case. Now for brother Alfred."

ALFRED CRACKENTHORPE had a flat in West Hampstead, in a big, modern building of slightly jerry-built type with a large courtyard in which the owners of flats parked their cars with a certain lack of consideration for others.

The flat was a modern, built-in type, evidently rented furnished. It had a long plywood table that let down from the wall, a divan bed, and various chairs of improbable proportions.

Alfred Crackenthorpe met them with engaging friendliness, but was, the inspector thought, nervous.

"I'm intrigued," he said. "Can I offer you a drink, Inspector Craddock?" He held up various bottles invitingly.

"No, thank you, Mr. Crackenthorpe."

"As bad as that?" He laughed at his own little joke, then asked what it was all about.

Inspector Craddock said his little piece.

"What was I doing on the afternoon and evening of December 20. How should I know? Why, that's—what—over three weeks ago."

"Your brother Harold has been able to tell us very exactly."

"Brother Harold, perhaps. 'Not brother Alfred.' He added with a touch of something—envious malice, possibly: 'Harold is the successful member of the family—busy, useful, fully employed—a time for everything, and everything at that time. Even if he were to commit a murder, shall we say?—it would be carefully timed and exact.'"

"Any particular reason for using that example?"

"Oh, no! It just came into my mind—as a supreme absurdity."

"Now about yourself."

Alfred spread out his hands. "It's as I tell you—I've no memory for times or places. If you were to say Christmas Day, now—then I should be able to answer you—there's a peg to hang it on. I know where I was Christmas Day. We spend that with my father at Brackhampton. I really don't know why. He grumbles at the expense of having us—and would grumble that we never came near him if we didn't come. We really do it to please my sister."

"And you did it this year?"

"Yes."

"But, unfortunately, your father was taken ill, was he not?"

Craddock was pursuing a sideline deliberately, led by the

kind of instinct that often came to him in his profession.

"He was taken ill. Living like a sparrow in the glorious cause of economy, sudden full eating and drinking had its effect."

"That was all it was, was it?"

"Of course. What else?"

"I gathered that his doctor was—worried."

"Oh, that old fool, Quimper." Alfred spoke quickly and scornfully. "It's no use listening to him, Inspector. He's an alarmist of the worst kind."

"Indeed? He seemed a rather sensible kind of man to me."

"He's a complete fool. Father's not really an invalid; there's nothing wrong with his heart, but he takes in Quimper completely. Naturally, when father felt really ill, he made a terrific fuss and had Quimper going and coming, asking questions, going into everything he'd eaten and drunk. The whole thing was ridiculous!"

Alfred spoke with unusual heat.

Craddock was silent for a moment or two, rather effectively. Alfred fidgeted, shot him a quick glance, and then said petulantly: "Well, what is all this? Why do you want to know where I was on a particular Friday, three or four weeks ago?"

"So you do remember that it was a Friday?"

"I thought you said so."

"Perhaps I did," said Inspector Craddock. "At any rate, Friday, 20th, is the day I am asking about."

"Why?"

"A routine inquiry."

"That's nonsense. Have you found out something more about this woman? About where she came from?"

"Our information is not yet complete."

Alfred gave him a sharp glance.

"I hope you're not being led aside by this wild theory of Emma's that she might have been my brother Edmund's widow. That's complete nonsense."

"This Martine did not at any time apply to you?"

"To me? Good lord, no! That would have been a laugh."

"She would be more likely, you think, to go to your brother Harold?"

"Much more likely. His name's frequently in the papers. He's well off. Trying a touch there wouldn't surprise me. Not

that she'd have got anything. Harold's as tight-fisted as the old man himself. Emma, of course, is the soft-hearted one of the family, and she was Edmund's favorite sister."

"All the same, Emma isn't credulous. She was quite alive to the possibility of this woman being phony. She had it all laid on for the entire family to be there—and a hard-headed solicitor as well."

"Very wise," said Craddock. "Was there a definite date fixed for this meeting?"

"It was to be soon after Christmas—the weekend of the 27th . . ." He stopped.

"Ah," said Craddock pleasantly. "So I see some dates have a meaning to you."

"I've told you—no definite date was fixed."

"But you talked about it—when?"

"I really can't remember."

"And you can't tell me what

you yourself were doing on Friday, December 20?"

"Sorry—my mind's an absolute blank."

"You don't keep an engagement book?"

"Can't stand the things."

"The Friday before Christmas—it shouldn't be too difficult."

"I played golf one day with a likely prospect." Alfred shook his head. "No, that was the week before. I probably just mooched around. I spend a lot of my time doing that. I find one's business gets done in bars more than anywhere else."

"Perhaps the people here, or some of your friends, may be able to help?"

"Maybe. I'll ask them. Do what I can."

Alfred seemed more sure of himself now.

"I can't tell you what I was doing that day," he said "but I can tell you what I wasn't doing. I wasn't murdering anyone in the Long Barn."

"Why should you say that, Mr. Crackenthorpe?"

"Come now, my dear Inspector. You're investigating this murder, aren't you? And when you begin to ask 'Where were you on such and such a day at such and such a time?' you're narrowing down things. I'd very much like to know why you've hit on Friday the 20th between—what? Lunch-time and midnight? It couldn't be medical evidence, not after all this time. Did somebody see the deceased sneaking into the barn that afternoon? She went in and she never came out, etc.? Is that it?"

The sharp black eyes were watching him narrowly, but Inspector Craddock was far too old a hand to react to that sort of thing.

"I'm afraid we'll have to let you guess about that," he said pleasantly.

"The police are so secretive."

"Not only the police. I think Mr. Crackenthorpe, you could remember what you were doing on that Friday if you tried. Of course you may have reasons for not wishing to remember."

"You won't catch me that way, Inspector. It's very suspicious, of course, very suspicious, indeed, that I can't remember—but there it is! Was a minute now—I went to Leeds that week—stayed in a hotel close to the Town Hall—can remember its name—but you find it easily enough. That might have been on the Friday."

"We'll check up," said the Inspector unemotionally.

He rose. "I'm sorry you couldn't have been more cooperative, Mr. Crackenthorpe."

"Most unfortunate for me. There's Cedric with a safe alibi in Iviza, and Harold, no doubt checked with business appointments and public dinners every hour—and here am I with an alibi at all. Very sad. And so silly. I've already told you I don't murder people. As why should I murder an unknown woman, anyway? What for? Even if the corpse is a corpse of Edmund's wife, why should any of us wish to do away with her?"

"Now if she'd been married to Harold in the war, and suddenly reappeared—then might have been awkward the respectable Harold—big and all that. But Edmund? Why, we'd all have enjoyed making Father stump up a to give her an allowance—send the boy to a decent school. Father would have been wiser but he couldn't in decency fuse to do something. Why you have a drink before you Inspector? Sure? Too bad haven't been able to help you."

To be continued

F3378.—Sundress designed with a halter top. Sizes 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



F3896.—Sunsuit, attractively styled with a bib top. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1 yd. 36in. material and 2 yds. braid. Price 2/6.

F9123.—Boy's two-piece pyjama suit. The suit can be made with long or short trousers. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years for trouser leg (long) 33, 37, 41, and 45in. Requires 2½ to 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F6566.—Smock suit for the 1-to-3-year-old group. Sizes 1, 2 and 3 years for lengths 17, 18, and 19in. Requires 1½ to 2 yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.



F6566

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F9434.—Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make small boy's tailored shirt and trousers. Sizes 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires for shirt 1 yd. 36in. material and 1½ yds. rick-rack braid; for trousers 1 yd. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F9434

F3860.—Prettily styled teenage party dress. Sizes 30 to 36 in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.



F3860

F9407.—Sleeveless one-piece dress designed for the 2-to-8-year age group. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material and 1½ yds. edging. Price 2/6.



F9407

F9627.—Infant's dress and petticoat slip. Sizes, infants. Requires for slip ½ yd. 36in. material, for dress 1½ yds. 36in. material and 1½ yds. lin. lace edging. Price 3/-.

F9402.—Lace-trimmed slip and matching panties. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years. Requires for slip 1½ yds. 36in. material; for panties ½ yd. 36in. material and edging. Price 2/6.



F9627

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 631.—ONE-PIECE DRESS
Pretty one-piece party dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in floral cambric. The color choice includes aqua and black; rose-red and black; and grey and black, all printed on a white ground. Sizes: 22 and 24in. bust, 42/3, 36 and 38in. bust, 44/2. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

No. 632.—GIRL'S ONE-PIECE DRESS
The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in check cotton gingham. The color choice includes blue and white; pink and white; red and white; green and white; and lemon and white. Sizes: 2 years 18/3, 3 to 4 years 21/6, 5 to 6 years 22/3, 7 to 8 years 23/6. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

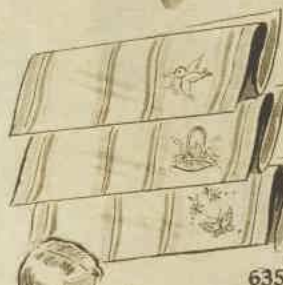
No. 633.—GIRL'S SUNBONNET
Easy-to-laundry sunbonnet is obtainable cut out ready to make in check cotton gingham. The color choice includes blue and white; pink and white; red and white; green and white; and lemon and white. Sizes: 2 years 9/3, 3 to 4 years 10/6, 5 to 6 years 11/9. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 634.—CHILD'S PYJAMAS
The pyjamas are obtainable cut out ready to make in printed dimcord. The color choice includes red and lemon; blue and green; red and blue; and pink and green. All printed on a white ground. Sizes: 1 year 22/1, 2 years 25/9, 3 years 27/6, 4 years 29/2. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 635.—TEA-TOWELS
The towels are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is linen tea-towelling woven with multi-colored stripes. Sizes 22 by 32in. Price 6/9 each, postage 6d. extra. Set of three 19/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra.



631



632



633



634

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 15, 1958



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Page 61



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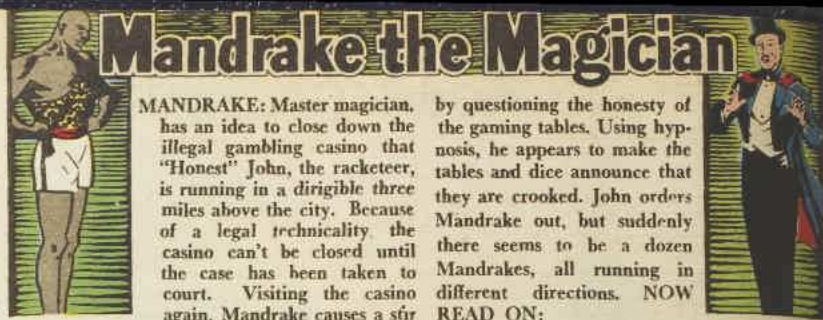
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TO BE CONTINUED

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUI



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 15, 1951



swim

...any time
of the
month

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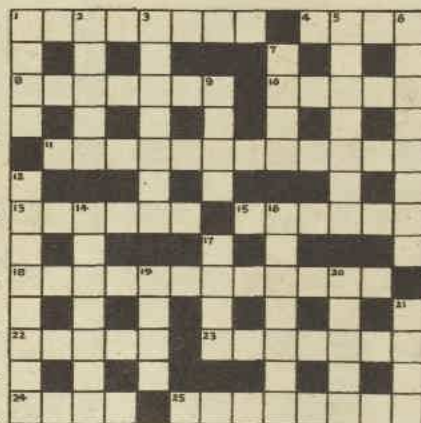
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Blazing nothing in a bird (8).
4. Clumsy fellow, yet helps the surgeon (4).
8. Seat of Zeus and his fellow gods (7).
10. Puzzle hiding a broken rose (5).
11. How a Marathon race winner achieves his fame (2, 3, 4, 3).
13. In sale (Anagr. 6).
15. When walking, these will raise you above the earth (6).
18. The pie Martha mixed in a semicircular gallery (12).
22. High Turkish officer swallows an alternative in a public square of Athens (5).
23. From this French colony you can get home in a day (7).
24. Utters yes in a steamer (4).
25. Wild prank in sad peace (8).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Whip an upturned game (4).
2. Race dear to Hitler (5).
3. Hispaniola though a West Indian island becomes a Persian province if losing its oil (7).
5. Lest war becomes refuse (7).
6. Nab roses for this noble lady (8).
7. The bookie in a whirl (4).
9. Present of a worm to successful barristers (4).
12. African lances for which a Turkish officer is following a donkey (8).
14. Sly rope (Anagr. 7).
16. Give her a cat for a windpipe (7).
17. "Wot, no . . ." and a lake in Africa, too (4).
19. I hurried to Persia (4).
20. Odd to start this dance (5).
21. Cow-house outwardly incidental (4).



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